Legends of the Lakes;

OR,

SAYINGS AND DOINGS

AT

KILLARNEY.

1570

COLLECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF

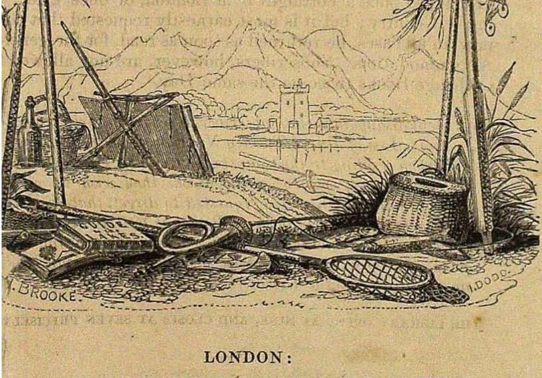
R. ADOLPHUS LYNCH, ESQ.

H. P. King's German Legion.

BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.

VOL. II.



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LEGENDS OF THE LAKES.

CHAPTER I.

MANGERTON.

"MANGERTON—Mangerton—what's the matter?" I muttered, as starting from my sleep I beheld Mr. Lynch at my bedside.

"Mangerton—Mangerton," said he, "a fine morning for Mangerton, you have not a moment to lose; the climate is so uncertain that though the mountain is clear now, it may in a short time be covered with a huge cloudy nightcap—so up and away."

Dressing myself in all haste, I bustled down stairs, contrived to bustle through a tolerable breakfast, ordered horses, and was about to bustle off with Mr. Lynch for the mountain, when two or three inn-runners stood before

us, with rather more imposing appearance than that of apparitions, generally speaking, and began to contend for the appointment of "guide to his honour's honour."

"I'm his honour's guide," said Leahy; "didn't his honour promise to take me to Mangerton with him, and sure 'tisn't back of his word you'd have the gentleman be going?"

"'Tis me his honour will have," said Picket, "so you may just as well not be bothering the gentleman, long life to him."

"Fakes, then, and indeed he won't do no such thing," said Mountain Mahony; "his honour knows well enough it was I bespoke Mangerton, the very first day his honour came to Killarney; and sure 'tis I that have, as I ought, the best right to the mountain any how."

"Picket," said I, "you know that I promised to take Leahy; therefore, Leahy, forward if you please."

"Well," said Mountain Mahony, heaving a deep sigh as we moved on, "well, did you ever know the likes of that, and I, after waiting so long for him?"

After leaving the village of Cloghereen, we

turned to the left, and pursued a narrow road which, passing close to the mill pond, led up the base of the mountain; this road, however, we soon abandoned for a mountain path that struck off to the right, and shortly brought us to the foot of the steep ascent, up which our horses managed to climb by a sort of rude track that ran along the bank of a ravine, which had been the bed of a torrent, almost until we arrived at the Devil's Punch bowl.

On our ascent, and his descent, we met one of that class of peasants, termed in the country "Kerry dragoons," who, seated in a most extraordinary manner between his baskets, which each contained a firkin of butter, galloped fearlessly down the mountain, without seeming to have the smallest apprehension for his neck. Here he is, as he passed us, singing,

"Arrah, Thady, you gander,
You're like a highlander,
For want of the breeches—for want of the breeches*.
Take a gun in your fist,
Man, 'tis better go list,
Than be mending old ditches—a mending old ditches.

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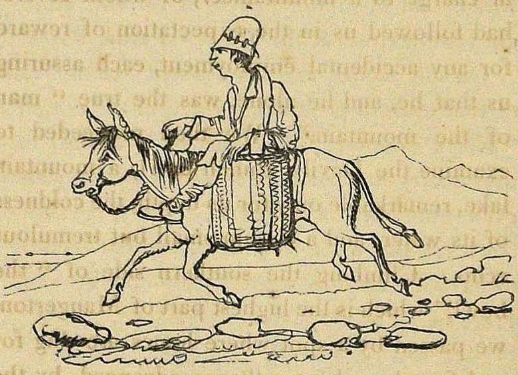
* A kind of half pantaloon, commonly worn by the Irish peasantry, and, properly, by people of all nations at Almacks, and elsewhere. It appears to be a rhyme of which Mr. Lutterell is ignorant.

"A shilling a day,
Faith, 'tis mighty fine pay,
'Tis double a tester—'tis double a tester;
With a *bagnet* and gun,
To fire out of fun,
Oh, the king's a brave *maister*—the king's a brave *maister*!"

"*Hurroo hōō!*"—And away he went.



I have stated that each basket contained a firkin of butter; and, upon this subject, Mr. Weld says he "was informed by a friend, that when he first visited Kerry, at which period improvement and civilization were in their infancy, it was very usual to see a cask of butter

on one side, and a large stone on the other to balance it; but it has since been discovered that one cask is the best counterpoise to another, and every horse is now doubly laden." —Very true, indeed!—but did Mr. Weld think of asking how people were to manage who had only one cask to take to market?

Dismounting from our horses, we gave them in charge to a mountaineer, of whom several had followed us in the expectation of reward for any accidental employment, each assuring us that he, and he alone, was the true "man of the mountain." We then proceeded to examine the Devil's Punch bowl, a mountain lake, remarkable only for its depth, the coldness of its water, and a certain small but tremulous echo. Climbing the southern side of "the bowl," which is the highest part of Mangerton, we passed by a spot where hones are dug for and found, and from thence advanced, by the summit of the mountain, to the eastern verge of the lake.

"Here's a scene for description!" said Mr. Lynch—"the Guide Book—the Guide Book. Now, gentle reader, that's the way to commence the paragraph for the top of Mangerton

Mountain—Now, gentle reader, look to the south, and tell me if here is not a noble prospect? the river Kenmare, that huge arm of the ocean, stretching itself for miles and miles between those blue hills that rush down to its very edge, as if they meant to kick it out of its channel. See how its waves glitter in the bright sun-beams, which have struggled through that heavy cloud; and do but observe those islands which dot its broad bosom, like the beauty spots on your fair lady's cheek."

"Pooh, pooh, Lynch."

"Oh, I am not to be silenced in this manner," said that gentleman. "Look to the west, if you please, and behold Ireland's boast, and Kerry's wonder—the beautiful Lakes of Killarney—mark that river winding its course among the mountains, from lake to lake, and uniting the wide-spread grandeur of the one with the compressed charms of the other. And there behold Lord Brandon's round tower, at the head of the Upper Lake. Behold the sea of mountains rolling their rugged waves to the east and to the west. One might really fancy that the country which we view had been a stormy sea, struck by the mighty wand of a

magician, and fixed for ever. And then the little mountain lakes, how they sparkle over this waste, like stars in the gloomy firmament."

"And this is the style you recommend for my Guide Book?"

"Well," said Mr. Lynch, "if I was not the best tempered fellow in the world, I should really feel annoyed. But as I have taken the trouble to ascend Mangerton this morning to be showman to your honour, it is not fair to put me out thus in my description—one sentence more shall finish it. Look to the north, and behold the white smoke of the town of Killarney, with a green hill behind it, and the blue and distant mountains of Tralee shutting up the scene with their vast, cloudy and dim-discovered forms."

"Thank you very much, Lynch. The lithographic panorama of the lakes, by Major O'Donnell, fades into insignificance before your *coup d'œil*—but this is a matter which you military heroes appear particularly to study*. We now stand on the ridge which

* See a very interesting note by Major Ludlow Beamish, on his translation of Bismark's Cavalry Tactics. p. 5.

forms the eastern verge of the Devil's Punch bowl: pray what is this glen beneath us called? Though a work of danger, I should like to descend."

"It is called Cowm na Coppul, or the Glen of the Horse," replied Mr. Lynch; "but before you proceed to explore it, let me recommend a sandwich, after which I will detain you five minutes while I read you a story, the scene of which being placed in the Horse's Glen, may perhaps render your visit more interesting."

To both these proposals I readily assented; a few sandwiches were produced, we sat down, and, after their disappearance, Mr. Lynch commenced his story of

BILLY THOMPSON AND HIS COW.

"There was once a poor man who rented a few stony acres on a little hill at the foot of Mangerton Mountain, in the kingdom of Kerry. Now the kingdom of Kerry, and the great mountain of Mangerton, with the Devil's Punch bowl on the top of it, are as well

known as any other wonder in the world; but the wonderful adventures of Billy Thompson (for this was the name of the poor man I have mentioned) and his cow, being as little known as if they never occurred, I will now record them to the confusion of all who are so hardy as to doubt the power of the good people.

"You must know then, that Billy was a little fellow, about five feet nothing high, and as smart and as tight a boy was he as any man of his inches, no matter who the other is. And what was better than all this, Billy was a very industrious, hard-working lad; and, by the same token, a very good proof he gave of it, for his bit of ground, when he got it, was powdered all over with huge stones, so that a weasel could hardly thrust his snout between them; and over these again there was a thick coat of furze, so that the whole place looked for all the world like a great green hedgehog. But Billy had a long lease and a short rent, so he went to work with all his might and main, and burned the furze, and made fences of the stones, and built himself a cabin on the top of the hill, and a mighty bleak place it was to

build it on. However Billy didn't much mind that, for if he had a little body, he had a great soul, and scorned to be looked down upon by any one; besides, he was fond of a prospect; and if he was, he had it to his heart's content.

"No sooner had Billy Thompson his bit of land cleared, his potatoes sown, and his cabin built, than he began to think it was high time to look for a wife. Before long he was married to Judy Donoghue of Glanflesk, who got a good fortune from her father, it being no less than a featherbed, six rush-bottomed chairs, an iron pot, a settle-bed, a collop of sheep, a maol cow, and a pig, though there was great huxtering about this last matter, and the match was broken off at least six times on account of it; but Billy stood out stoutly for the pig, till the old man gave in at last, and so they were married.

"It's an old saying, and a true one, that 'there are more married than keep good houses,' as Billy soon found to his cost; for Judy was very prolific, presenting him occasionally with two youngsters at a time, till at last it was said of Billy, as of the wren, 'although

he's little, his family's great.' Now it happened unfortunately for Billy, that while Judy was increasing his family, one misfortune after another was decreasing his stock; his sheep died of the rot, and his pig got the measles, so that he was obliged to sell it for little or nothing. 'Well,' said Billy, who was a good-humoured fellow, and wished to make the best of every thing; 'Well, it can't be helped, so there's no use in breaking one's heart, and any how, we can't want the drop of milk to our *praties* as long as the Maol cow's left to comfort us.' The words were hardly out of his mouth, when Paddy Kennely came running up to tell him that the Maol cow was clifted in the Horse's Glen; for Billy, you must know, had sent his cow that very morning to graze on the mountain.

"'Och! *Ullagone!*' cried Bill, 'what'll we do now at all, we're ruined for ever and a day. Och, Maol! how could you be such a cruel unnatural *baste*, as to clift yourself, you that I *tought* was as cunning as a christian, when you *knowed* as well as myself that we couldn't do without you at all; for sure enough the *childer* will be crying for the drop of milk to their

vraties; and Judy 'll *leech* the life out of me for sending you to the mountain, and she *agin* it all along.'

"Such was Bill Thompson's lament, as, with a sorrowful heart, he made the best of his way to the Horse's Glen, intending to get the hide of his clifted cow, and conceal the carcass under some rock, until he could borrow a horse to bring it home; for, thought he, ' 'tis better to have something than nothing, and there'll be a good price got for the skin surely, and the *mate*'ll make fine broth for the *grawls* any how.'

"The sun was riding high by the time he got into the Glen, and then it took him some space before he could find where the poor beast was lying, but at last he did find her, all smashed to pieces at the foot of a big rock. 'Worse, and worse! there'll be hardly any thing got for the skin, and the *mate's* scarcely worth a *thráneen* (a straw), but where is the use to make bad worse?' said Billy; and he began to skin the cow as fast as he could, but having no one to lend him a hand, by the time the job was finished, the sun had gone down. A faint light, however, still streaked the top of the

mountain, while the hollow of Cown na Coppul was thrown into deep shadow by the rocky precipices which enclosed it; a low wind murmured along the dark breast of the fathomless pool, which lay in the bottom of this mountain valley, and its waters answered to the night breeze with a deep and hollow growl, as the black waves rolled sluggishly against their bounds. From the south-eastern verge of the water, the mountain rose steep and abrupt, but made a somewhat wider sweep to the west; so that in this place there was a marshy plain between the pool, and the wall-like hill, which towered above it; this plain was strewed all over with huge gray rocks, that looked in the dim twilight like so many spectres.

"Now, Billy Thompson was so intent on his job, that he did not perceive the lapse of time; but, when his work was finished, he raised his head, and looking about, was surprised at the lateness of the hour; and when he heard the murmuring wind, mingled with the hoarse reply of the dark and sluggish pool, multiplied as these sounds were by a thousand hill-born echoes, his heart failed him, for his imagination converted these sounds into the aërial whisper-

ings of the fanciful beings, with which his fears had already peopled the recesses of the gray and shadowy rocks which surrounded him. All the tales he had ever heard, of the Pooka, the Banshee, and the little red-cap'd mischievous fairy, floated through his mind; when, by an effort expecting to end his fears, he suddenly snatched a tuft of grass, wiped his knife, and seized hold of the reeking hide, intending to make the best of his way out of the Glen.

"It is well known, that a four-leaved shamrock has the power to open a man's eyes to all sorts of enchantment, and it so happened, that there was one in the little tuft of grass, with which Billy had wiped his knife. Whether from grief, or fear, or from both together, I know not; but instead of throwing it away, he put the grass into his pocket along with the knife; and when he turned to take a last lingering look at the carcass of his cow, he beheld, instead of his poor Maol, a little old curmudgeon sitting bolt upright, and looking as if he had just been flayed alive. If Billy was frightened at the sight, it was still worse with him when the little fellow called after him in a shrill squeaking voice, 'Bill Thompson! Bill Thomp-

son! you spalpeen, you'd better come back with my skin; a pretty time of day we're come to, when a gentleman like me, can't take a bit of a sleep, but an Ounshaugh of a fellow must come and strip the hide off him; but you'd better bring it back Bill Thompson, or I'll make you remember how you have dared to skin me, you spalpeen.'

"Now, Billy Thompson, though he was greatly frightened at first, had a stout heart of his own in him; so he began to muster up his courage, for he saw it was a clear case, that his Maol cow was carried away by the good people, and he thought if he was stiff with the little curmudgeon, he might, may be, get her back again; besides if the worst came to the worst, he thought he could safely defy him, as he had a black handled knife in his pocket, and whoever has that, 'tis said, may look all the ghosts and fairies in the world full in the face, without quaking. Billy Thompson therefore took heart, and seeing there was a civil distance between them, he began to discourse the little fellow; at the same time, however, keeping his hand on the black handled knife for fear of accidents.

"'Why then, your honour, if it's the skin you're after wanting, you must know it's the skin of my poor Maol cow, that was clifted yonder there; the Lord rest her *sowl*, for a better *baste* never walked on four legs, 'tis a long day till I see the likes of her again; and sore and sorrowful the *childer* will be for the want of her little drop of milk; but it can't be helped, and there's no use in talking; so God be *wid* your honour, any how;' said Billy, as he pretended to take his departure.

"'Why then, is that what you'd be after, Billy *ma boughill*" (my boy); said the little imp, at the same time jumping before him with the speed of a greyhound; 'do you think I'm such a *gomal* as to let you walk off with my skin, without so much as 'by your *lave?*' But I'll tell you what it is; if you don't drop it in the turn of a hand, you'll sup sorrow may be.'—

"'Badershin!' said Billy, at the same time, drawing out his black handled knife, and putting himself in a posture of defence; 'may be you will, but the never a one of me will give you the skin, till you give me back my Maol cow; for don't I know well enough that she wasn't

clifted at all, at all, and that you, and the breed of you, have got *hould* of her.'

"'You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head any how,' said the little fellow, who seemed to get quite soft at the sight of the knife, 'and how do you know but I'd befriend you? for you're a stout fellow, Bill Thompson, and I've taken a fancy to you; so if you'd just be after giving me the skin, I don't say but I might get you the cow again.'

"'Thank ye kindly for the loan of your pickaxe,' said Billy, winking slily; 'give me the cow first, and then I will.'

"'Well, there she's for you, you unbelieving hound!' said the little imp.—And for certain, what would he hear, but his Maol cow screeching behind him for the bare life; for he knew the screech of her among a thousand; and when he looked behind, what should he see but his cow sure enough, running over the rocks and stones, with a long spansel hanging to one of her legs, and four little fellows with red caps on them, hunting her as fast as they could.

"'There'll be a bit of a battle for her, Billy,'

said the little curmudgeon, 'there'll be a bit of a battle for her; two of the boys that are after her, belong to another faction; so do you see, while they are fighting about her, you can drive her away fair and easy, and no one will be a bit the wiser of it, barring myself—but I'll be no hinderance to you,—and that's more than you deserve from me, Billy Thompson.'

"'My jewel you are!' said Billy, quite delighted with the hope of getting his cow again, though he was half afraid the little fellow intended playing him false, and he didn't much believe what he said. Nevertheless it was all true enough, for no sooner did the four little chaps with the red caps come up with one another, than they began to fight. In the mean time, the Maol cow, finding herself at liberty, ran towards Billy, who lost not a moment, but, throwing the skin on the ground, seized the cow by the tail, and began to drive her away as fast as he could.

"'Not so fast, Billy,' said the little imp, who stuck close by his side; 'not so fast, Billy, for though I gave you the cow, I didn't give you the spansel that's hanging to her leg.'

"'A bargain's a bargain,' said Billy, 'so do you see, as I got it, I'll keep spansel and all.'

"'If you say that again,' said the little imp, 'I'll just be after calling the boys that are fighting below there, and five to one will be more than a match for you, Billy Thompson, as cunning as you think yourself with that black-handled knife. But I don't want to be too hard on you, so if you have a mind for the spansel, I'll give you it for the little tuft of grass you have in your pocket.'

"'It's done,' said Billy, who by this time had got to the top of a cliff, from whence he could see his own farm, in the distance, shining in the clear moonlight, while directly beneath him, lay the deep hollow of Cown na Coppul, where the four red-capped fairies were fighting away as fierce as ever the Black hens and Magpies fought. Now Billy Thompson was fond of a bit of a skirmish, and was sure to be seen at the head of his faction on a fair day, when he often flourished his stick in triumph. So finding himself at a safe distance, he thought it no harm to stop a bit, just to see how the good people handled a blackthorn.

"If he loved a real battle, there was one that

matched him completely, for the glen resounded again with the shouts of the fairies, and the clash of their sticks. But there was one of the little fellows who fought ten times better than all the rest, striking double-handed blows right and left; till Billy in the delight of his heart, quite forgetting his cow and the necessity of silence, shouted as loud as he could, 'Well done, redcap! Here's a Thompson! here's a Thompson for redcap!' The glen echoed with the deep tones of his voice, and the astonished combatants, looking up, perceived the cause of their contention was gone, and set off at full speed to recover the cow.

"'You're done for now, Billy Thompson,' said the little imp, who stood near him, 'but lose no time in giving me the tuft of grass, and I'll lend you a lift.' 'There, take it,' said Billy. No sooner was it out of his hand, than he received a blow, which in a moment dashed him to the ground with such force, that he was quite stunned. When he came to himself, the sun was shining; and where should he be but lying near the bounds ditch of his own farm, with his Maol cow grazing beside him; and to be sure he would never have got her again, or have

come off so well, if it wasn't for the four-leaved shamrock and the black-handled knife.

"Billy Thompson could hardly believe his eyes, and thought it was all a dream, till he saw the spansel hanging to his cow's leg; and that was the lucky spansel to him, for, from that day out, his cow gave more milk than any six cows in the parish; and Billy began to look up in the world, and take farms, and purchase cattle, till at last he became as rich as Damer; but the world would never after get him to go to the Horse's Glen. And he never passes a fort, or hears a blast of wind, without taking off his hat, with a 'God save ye, gentlemen,' in compliment to the good people; and 'tis only fitting for him so to do, if there be any truth in Moll Bardin, who told me the whole story just as she says it happened, and as I have related it."

"Oh, I must have this for my Guide Book, Lynch."

"It is quite at your service—but as we intend returning through the Glen of the Horse, we had better despatch a messenger with orders to have our steeds taken to the

foot of the mountain—and now for our perilous descent."

This we accomplished by sitting and sliding down into the hollow of Cown na Coppul, of which it becomes unnecessary for me to say any thing further, in the way of description, after Mr. Lynch's story.

A toilsome walk brought us to the foot of the mountain, where finding our horses, we rode towards the village of Cloghereen.

CHAP. II.

THE VILLAGE FAIR.

Whoever undertakes to ascend Mangerton should be provided with a well stored basket of prog; since there a man can get nothing to eat but stones, which are rather indigestible food, and nothing to drink, but a drop out of the Devil's Punch bowl—cold comfortless stuff it is! Now, though we were not quite so foolish as to ascend Mangerton without any supply, yet the keenness of the mountain air was such, that our small stock of provisions soon proved rather an insufficient offering to the cravings of the inward man;—your little trifling sandwiches are not the thing; and unless the reader takes some more substantial food with him, when he proceeds on a similar excursion, I stake my reputation as a traveller, on the fact, that he will make as much haste to the next inn, as we did to Paddy Glissane's public house in the village of Cloghereen: there we hoped to procure some of that refreshment, which the aforesaid Paddy Glissane so hos-

pitably offers to all who can afford to pay for it.

To our great disappointment, however, we found Paddy's house crowded to excess, and the little peaceful village turned into a scene of riot and confusion. It was the fair day; and finding it impossible to gain admittance, we were obliged to seek, in the fair itself, some means of allaying our hunger.

The fair ground consisted of two gentle slopes on the public road; in the hollow between, a bridge of rude masonry spanned a little stream, which issuing from a large pond, dashed over a mill-wheel, and brawled along till it entered the demesne of Mucruss. At each side of the road was some common ground, behind which appeared the straggling cottages of the villagers, and over the whole peered the gigantic forms of Mangerton and Turk, with the wild and variegated woods of Mucruss. The road was lined with the tables or stands of dealers in dillisk, (a dried seaweed of a pink colour, and no bad relish it is to a bit of bread and butter), fruits, frize, flannel, croobeens (Anglice pigs' feet), and, in short, every hing necessary for rustic economy and enjoy-

ment; while the common ground was occupied by horses, cows, and pigs, with their buyers and sellers.

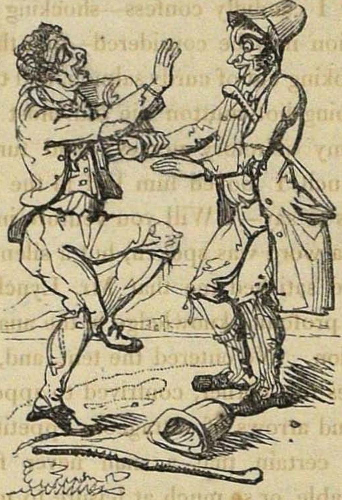
Here were to be seen groups of giggling girls, with their riband-adorned caps and blue cloaks; and there whispering matrons with their shawled heads: here were men occupied in shrewd bargains, with their frize loodies (large loose coats), corduroy breeches, and well seasoned sticks—sticks not destined long to remain inactive; there a half gentleman—a squireen, known by his body coat with brass buttons, Caroline hat, and polished boots armed with but one spur: here leaders of opposing factions scowled defiance at each other; and there may be seen the joyous recognition of long-parted gossips.

"Oh! murder! Murty Sullivan, is that you this blessed day, every step of the way from Kenmare itself, back again to us?"

"Tim Ryan, my jewel, and is that you, your own self that I see with my two eyes before me—if 'twasn't transported I *hard* you were last Tralee 'sizes? Oh! then 'tis myself is glad to see you once more. And sure the never a part will we part now, till we have

just one drop together for luck sake. Arrah, who tried you, Tim?"

"Oh, Lynch! hungry as I am, I must sketch this meeting.—"



Under the trees which skirted the entrance to the village were several tents, or rather apologies for tents, constructed by means of long wattles bent to a semicircle, both ends of which were stuck in the ground, and this frame-work

was covered over with patchwork quilts and sheets. At one end stood the porter and whiskey barrels, on whose heads were placed in most tempting array, jugs and tumblers, bread and butter, salmon, and mutton pies.

Now I candidly confess—shocking as such confession may be considered—that the steam of a smoking cut of curdy salmon, and the smell of a piping hot mutton pie did most sensibly affect my olfactory nerves; and turning to Mr. Lynch, I looked him full in the face, as much as to say—"Will you venture in?"

Not a word was spoken, but a silent nod of the head satisfied me that Mr. Lynch was a man of profound knowledge in the anatomy of expression. We entered the tent, and, seating ourselves in a corner, contrived to appease the stings and arrows of outrageous appetite.

It is certain that a man never feels so comfortable, or so much at leisure to make his observations on all around, as after a good meal; and we therefore began to look about us, and to note the company which occupied the long table, at one end of which we were quietly sipping our whiskey punch. Towns-

people and country-people were mingled together, some of whom had business at the fair, and others who had no business, save and excepting what they considered the very pleasant business of getting drunk. These were, for the most part, men who had sworn not to drink spirits in the town of Killarney, for a certain period more or less as the case might be; but who, notwithstanding, thought it no harm to swallow, as long as they were able, tumbler after tumbler in the village of Cloghereen. They were for this reason most constant in their attendance at every fair; as well as every funeral to the neighbouring Abbey of Mucruss; on which latter occasions, after devoutly burying the dead, it was usual to repair to honest Paddy Glissane's in order to drown their sorrow. And certainly they were right, if we consider the matter logically thus—

The oath was, not to drink in the town of Killarney—the village of Cloghereen is not the town of Killarney—ergo, it is no infraction of the oath, to drink and get drunk in the village of Cloghereen.—

Such is the reasoning of Irish "affidavit

men," as they are called; to which respectable class belonged a shoemaker and a broguemaker, who sat near us at the long table I have already mentioned.

They were hotly disputing the antiquity of their respective callings—"Where's the use in talking," said the shoemaker, "wasn't Moses the most ancient man in the world, when he was at the burning bush *tould* to take off his shoes?—you see it wasn't his brogues, but his shoes, he was *tould* to take off—and wasn't there kings and princes belonging to us, and isn't that the reason we have the crown for a sign, and arn't we called crispins from king Crispin, as the *ould* song has it?" Here he began to vociferate

"Crispin and Crispanus, both princes of renown,
Resign'd their crowns and kingdoms, and to the gentle
craft sat down.
Sing foll loll whack foll foll loll de ree."

To all this the broguemaker replied, that there was no hemp in the days of Moses—consequently the shoes must have been sown with a thong, and were therefore not shoes but brogues. And as for Crispin and Crispanus,

they might have been broguemakers as well as any thing else; for surely the broguemakers had a better right to be called the gentle craft than the shoemakers. This the shoemaker stoutly denied, and the broguemaker as sturdily affirmed; till at length they were on the point of coming to blows, when it so chanced that "Paddy Connor the jobber" entered the tent. Paddy most goodnaturedly interfered, and with some difficulty succeeded in allaying the dispute.

From Mr. Lynch I learned that Paddy was one of those jobbers who live by buying up the small mountain cattle, driving them down to the plains, and selling them at an advanced price. Paddy however had two strings to his bow; for, in addition to his cattle jobbing, he had a snug cabin and small farm at Lissinig-geen, not far from Killarney. An amusing fellow Paddy was, for he could tell old stories, and the history of adventures which he had met with when driving his cattle through the fair province of Leinster, one always leading to the other in the most interminable manner. To be sure some people did say that Paddy was apt to draw a long bow occasionally.

"Good morrow, Paddy," said Mr. Lynch, "how are all at the farm?"

"Why then very well, I thank your honour barring what's bad of them."

"And who are they, Paddy?"

"Wisha, nothing at all, your honour, only the cattle, and that's bad enough."

"Indeed! I thought you had the best cattle in the country."

"O then, for the matter of that, I believe the cattle are well enough, only there's no such thing as getting a *taste* of butter from the churning; so I'm thinking to give up the farm, for I'll never have any luck on account of meddling with charms, like a big fool as I was."

"Charms, Paddy!"

"Yes, sir, charms. Your honour must know, that myself and a little *gossoon* I had in service with me, were returning home through the county of Wicklow, after having sold the last of a drove of shanafaughs in the famous city of Dublin—Here, Mr. Clancey, half a pint of the best, if you please—We had travelled hard all day, sir, thinking to reach the town

of Baltinglass before the night should set in; but, as luck would have it, we were benighted on the road; so not liking to be out late, for fear of a blast from the good people, I made up to a cabin on the road side, and *axed* for lodgings.

"'Wisha then, you shall, and welcome,' said a decent elderly man, who was sitting into the fire smoking his *doodeen*, and whom I afterwards found was the parish schoolmaster. Och, 'twas he was the *larned* man! you wouldn't meet with such another in a month of Sundays; for, sure, it was he was the fine Latinist, and knew all about the good *ould* times of Gadelus and Fuan Mac Cool; and then he had such pleasant stories about his adventures when he was a youngster, how he travelled half over the world, and sailed through the Arches of Pelago, that you'd listen to him for the length of a winter's night. But what was far beyond all this, he knew more about the good people than would be proper to mention; for while we were sitting talking by the fire, who should come in but a little *gossoon* from a neighbouring farmer, so he up

and *tould* the schoolmaster how his father couldn't get any good of his churning, and that some bad member had charmed away the butter. 'I'll soon settle that,' said the schoolmaster; 'your father was always a good friend of mine, and 'twould be a hard case if I wouldn't do more than that to *sarve* him.' So with that he takes his pen and ink, and wrote three little words on a bit of paper. I was looking over his shoulder all the time, and took good notice of what he was writing. 'Here,' says he to the *gossoon*, 'run, you rogue, give this to your father, tell him to put it under the churn, and I'll go bail he gets his butter again.' Well, sir, when the morning came, I travelled on, and thought no more about the charm, only I believe I *tould* the boy if there was any good in it, I could do it as well as the schoolmaster himself. So, without further accident, we arrived safe at the *ould* ground, in the kingdom of Kerry. I wasn't long at home, when the boy left me and took on with one Jack Foulue (a strong farmer that lives over Laun); shortly after which, as I was looking over some boys that were sowing the *praties* for me, who should I see come into the farm but Jack

Foulue himself. He rode a tight cut of a horse, and led another by the bridle.

"'Good morrow, Paddy,' says he. 'Good morrow, kindly Jack,' says I. 'Come here,' says he, 'I want to *spake* to you.' So I went into the next field, and Jack, dismounting, pulls a big bottle of the right stuff out of his pocket, and sets down by the side of the ditch. 'Sit down, Paddy,' says he, 'till we take a drop of the *crater* this *could* morning; and, fakes, 'tis myself would want a drop to keep me in heart, for, sure, 'tis I'm in a bad way, unless you help me, Paddy.' 'I'm sorry for your trouble, Jack,' says I, 'and, sure, if it's in my power, you're safe enough, for you couldn't be better than I'd wish you, Jack.' So down I sat (for I couldn't find it in my heart to refuse him, besides, the liquor looked mighty tempting). '*Ma gra ma chree**!' said he, 'I knew that well enough, and that's what brought me to you, Paddy; but I'll tell you what's the matter with me: you know I have as fine cows as any in the county, but, for *sartin,* some one has charmed away the butter; so that if we

* My darling of my heart.

were churning for ever, it would be to no purpose; we did every thing in our power, we put the gad about the churn, and the hot coulter under it, but that was little good for us; for besides that Peggy Carnig was seen with a dead man's hand (which, you know, would carry all the butter in the parish), Giles Hasset *tould* me that he saw a great hare sucking the cows. So I just stepped down to the fairyman for advice; he *tould* me he couldn't do any thing for me, but if I would get Paddy Conner of Lissiniggeen to give me a charm, I'd get my butter again. When I went home I told what the fairyman said. 'Sure enough,' said a *gossoon* that's in service with me, 'I was with the very man when he picked it up from an *ould* schoolmaster in the county Wicklow.' So I came off directly to you, Paddy; and sure you won't have the heart to refuse me, and I in the pucker I am, with no one to help me but yourself.'

"'That's what I can't do, Jack,' says I; 'I wouldn't meddle with charms for the world. But, to make a long story short, sir, he made such a poor mouth, and softened me so with

the whiskey, that he persuaded me at last to mount the horse and go home with him. When we came to the house, we found the women churning away as fast as could be; but if they were churning from that day to this, the never a *taste* of butter would they get: so I *tuck* a bit of paper and wrote what I saw the school-master write, and put it under the churn; in a moment the churn, and every vessel in the house, was full of butter, so that they recovered all they had lost, and a great deal more; but how it was brought is more than I can say, if it wasn't the good people that did it. Well, sir, home I went, thinking all the way I'd make a fortune of the charm, but I was mightily out in my reckoning, for I was hardly at home when the woman asked me where I was; so I up and *tould* her all about the charm. 'Oh, you thief!' says she, 'you've done a bad job for yourself.' With that, she gives me a *pol-thogue** that sent me spinning into the milk room.

"'Look at that, you villain!' says she—and,

* A thump.

sure enough, all the milk and butter in the place was turned; the scent of it (saving your honour's presence) would knock down a horse. However, I didn't mind it much, for, thinks I, I can write another charm for myself, and so I did, but it wouldn't do; and when I *tould* Jack Foulue the story, and asked him for the loan of the charm I wrote for him, the thief of the wide world only laughed in my face, and wouldn't so much as give me a sight of it. 'Do you take me for a fool, Paddy,' says he, 'to give you the charm, when, 'tis as plain as a pikestaff, 'twas yourself that carried away my butter?' But I'll be up to him the first fair I meet him at, the ungrateful hound. From that time to this, I hadn't a day's luck with my cattle; and when your honour *axed* after all at home, 'twas thinking I should be obliged to give up the farm for a bad job I was."

"Bad enough, Paddy," said I, "but what was it you wrote on the paper?"

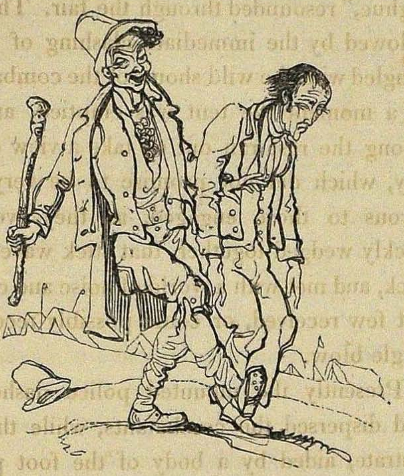
"Is it what I wrote you'd be after *axing* about? There now, why I suppose your honour wants to be as wise as myself, and"——

"Hurroo, here's a Minehan, here's a Donoghue," resounded through the fair. This was followed by the immediate clashing of sticks, mingled with the wild shouts of the combatants. In a moment the tent was emptied, and we among the rest ran out to take a view of the fray, which did not promise to be very dangerous to those engaged, as they were so thickly wedged together, that stick waved over stick, and met with a world of noise and clatter; but few received, or could possibly receive, a single blow.

Presently the mounted police dashed up and dispersed the combatants, while the magistrate, aided by a body of the foot police, triumphantly seized on their shillelahs, and occasionally committed a few pot-valiant mortals to the safe custody of his myrmidons.

* * * * * *

"Come, come, Lynch," said I, "for sober men like you and myself this will never answer —but here are our friends of the morning— 'just one drop' appears to have done their business. I cannot resist a parting sketch, as a companion for the meeting."



Whilst I made the above outline, Mr. Lynch stood close to my ear, humming with a mere verbal alteration, Moore's words, to a Hungarian air, in the National Melodies.

" So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter, e'en I could not tell,
That first look of welcome *his* sunny eyes darted,
Or that *roar* of passion which bless'd our farewell;

To meet was a Heaven, and to part thus another;
  Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh, *a pair of black* eyes are not liker each other,
  In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

"The first was like daybreak, new, sudden, delicious,
  The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet;
The last was that farewell of daylight, more precious,
  More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow,
  To think that such happiness could not remain,
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
  Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again."

"Who, after the accordance of these verses by our national bard, with your illustrative sketches, can doubt how truly you both have copied nature?"

I had no sooner entered the Inn, on my return from the Village Fair, than the waiter addressed me with—"There's a letter, sir, by the post for you."

"A letter? from my mother I suppose—my dear '*Ma*'—so it is I declare, and an enclosure too!—I have the best and kindest mother in the world."

CHAP. III.

THE STAG HUNT.

THE first beams of the rising sun had just crept in lines of brilliant light through the crevices of my window shutter, when I awoke from a profound and dreamless sleep: with a few yawns I succeeded in attaining a consciousness of existence; in other words, I was wide awake, and sensible of some unusual stir and bustle in the Inn. Listening for some time to catch a stray word, which might discover the cause of this confusion, I at length plainly distinguished the rough voice of Doolan O'Donoghue in high dispute with the waiter.

"Thunder an' tear an' ouns," said he, "is it to have his honour lose the stag hunt, and he so lucky to have one, when it wasn't expected at all? and how should his honour expect it when he wasn't here at the races' week, when there's always sure to be a couple of them? but since his honour has the luck to have a stag hunt, all as one as if it was given out on purpose for him, I'll take

care he shan't lose it; so I say there is no use in *argufying*, you must wake his honour, and tell him that Doolan is waiting to know if he'll have his *ould* crew."

"I tell you I won't do no such thing," said the waiter; "for didn't the gentleman bid me not to wake him, because why? he was mortal tired after going up Maugerton."

O, ho! a stag hunt, thought I, Doolan is in the right, it would never do to lose a stag hunt. So hastily jumping out of my bed, I threw open the shutters, and having partially dressed myself, rung the bell, which immediately put an end to the dispute, by bringing the waiter to my door, whom I ordered to procure my old boat and crew, and to have every thing in readiness for the stag hunt. Having finished my toilet, I hastened down to breakfast, in order to be early in the field; for, on looking out, I perceived Killarney was already sending forth its hundreds, all anxiously hurrying to enjoy the sport. A stag hunt creates quite a sensation in Killarney; on such occasions the town pours forth almost its whole population, even many of the old women disdaining to be left behind. It was all life and animation;

the whole place was in commotion with the rattling of carriages and jaunting cars, crowded with "beardies and brushes" (so, in Killarney phrase, are dandies and artists termed), lakers and their ladies: and well corded to each vehicle appeared huge baskets of provisions. Blue-jacketed boatmen were seen running to and fro, in all the spirit-stirring energy of business; in fact,

It was the morning of a glorious day;
At dawn the trackers of the deer were out,
And mann'd each pass above Glenà's lone bay,
To keep the red deer down with frequent shout.
The merry town pour'd forth its giddy rout,
Down to the quay of Ross they rush amain—

And not only to the quay of Ross did they rush, but seeing it was impossible to procure boats for such a multitude, hundreds, rather than lose the sport, determined to walk round by the new line of road; and not a few set out mounted on their own good steeds, while their wives and daughters, crowding jingle and jaunting car, passed swiftly by the more humble cart, with its usual accompaniment of bed and quilt, for the accommodation of less wealthy or less aspiring folk.

The important business of breakfast despatched, and having been joined by Mr. Lynch, we proceeded to mingle with the crowd who were hurrying towards the place of embarkation, on the Island of Ross.

Arrived at Ross, we found a wide-spreading fleet, of all sorts and sizes of boats, from the eight-oared barge to the light skiff and paddled canoe. The band of the Kerry militia occupied a large boat, as this was a fete given in honour of the accomplished Countess Kenmare, for whom, and for "John O'Connell" (so I was informed), the fleet were then waiting; Mr. O'Connell generally on such occasions being commander in chief. In a few minutes his six-oared barge was seen approaching; indeed it would have been impossible to mistake it, for the green flag of Ireland fluttered at its stern, upon which might be discovered, embroidered in large characters, ERIN GO BRAGH. Then the barge itself was green, ornamented with a stripe of virgin white and a running wreath of shamrocks, with which also the oars were decorated from top to bottom.

The portly form of Mr. O'Connell himself, as he stood most majestically steering his

patriotic barge, was soon recognised. He was greeted, as may be supposed, with a mighty shout, after which he issued a general order that no boat should go ahead of the Earl of Kenmare's, which just then made its appearance, and immediately proceeded to lead on the fleet.

Lo, off they push with shout and music's swell,
A fairy fleet upon an island sea,
Wide flash'd the water as the light oars fell,
Answer'd the boatman's song, the buoyant glee
Of hearts full set on mirth and revelry;
And many a streamer gay is floating there,
With rainbow colours and embroidery,
Wide waving on the gently breathing air,
That seem'd in love to fan a scene so bright and fair.

As we glided by the wild and rocky shores of Ross, several sail-boats started from the nooks and corners where they had harboured, and, unfurling their white wings to the wind, flew swiftly on before the breeze, adding greatly to the beauty and effect of the scene; the waves sparkling before their prows, their sails now glancing in the sun, and now beautifully contrasting their snowy hue with the darkness and majesty of some frowning rock or hill.

Thus did the little fleet pass gaily on till

we came to the entrance of the river between Brickeen and Glenà; here the sail-boats were abandoned, and here commenced struggle and confusion, boat thwarting boat in the windings of the river; now an oar entangled 'mid the weeds, and now a boat run aground until we gained Dinis' Pool, where the company were landed on the Glenà bank, while the boats were being hauled up the rapids under the old Weir Bridge.

It was an animated sight when standing on the bridge to view the efforts of the boatmen dragging their respective barges against the stream; and then to behold the gay groups, each after the other, emerging from the covert of rock and wood, and approaching that part of the river where they were to re-embark, and where boat after boat, as it surmounted the rapids, took in its company and proceeded up the river.—The whole fleet being assembled under the Eagle's Nest, the hills manned to keep the deer down to the river, and the hounds and huntsmen up in the hollow between Glenà and the Eagle's Nest, where the deer lay which they had tracked for some days before, silence reigned around, every one

anxiously waiting the signal shot. Those who had walked or rode, now covered every rock and height on the banks of the river, and many even had forsaken their boats in order to have a better view from the shore.

> Behold the congregated rocks, whose groups,
> Like islands, stand along the river's side,
> Are cover'd o'er with gay expectant troops
> Of youths, and dainty dames in flaunting pride.

But beside these there were many who joined business with pleasure. There was the fruit girl with her basket of apples; and as it is not in the nature of things that at an Irish merry-making the all important whiskey should be forgotten, many women might be seen handing the "cruiskeen lawn" among the crowd, while the huxster, with her sieve full of dillisk, bread, and biscuits, was all as ready to appease the cravings of hunger. Sundry old ladies were there, who had been prudent enough to bring their own stores, and they might be seen in many a snug spot drawing forth the home-baked loaf and pocket bottle, glancing in the sun, to regale both themselves and cronies. And now all is ready.

Hark to the signal shot! the mountain's roar!
The burst of that brave pack! the frequent shout
The watchers on the hills begin to pour,
As bursts the red deer from the wild woods out!
Lo! down he dashes through that giddy rout,
With glancing eye and antlers' branchy pride,
While fast the big round tears begin to spout;
One moment stands he by that river's side,
Looks, lingering, up the hills, then plunges in the tide.

After the first burst, every eye was strained to get a view of the stag. "There he is"—"No"—"Whisht, ye'll see him in a minute"—"Hark, that's O'Sullivan's cry ringing through the hills"—"There Geoffry Lynch makes his appearance"—"And now John O'Connell's huntsman," were the various exclamations from every side.

Sometimes the stag makes his escape up the mountains, leading hound and hunter a long and weary chase. On this occasion, however, matters were better managed; for the stag, after several vain attempts to ascend, made his appearance, and ran along the river's side for nearly a mile, in full view of the boats and those on the shore, till finding himself too closely pressed by the hounds, he plunged into the river. Then came the struggle, the chase,

and the race, for the honour of taking him, which was at length done by Mr. O'Connell. A handkerchief was bound round the poor animal's eyes, his legs tied, and thus secured, he was lifted into the boat. The boat then put in to the shore, in order to allow every one a peep at the stag; to obtain which, the fleet gathered round, and all hurried towards one point of the bank, where soon stood nobility and mobility, huntsman and peasant, indiscriminately grouped together.

Close to Mr. O'Connell's barge was that of the Earl Kenmare, into which stepped the round, rosy, and Reverend Lord Brandon, at the same time, apparently, addressing some courtly compliments to the Lady Kenmare—then there was the good Lord Headley with his famous piper and my worthy friend Gandsey. The Herberts of Cahernane, with the union jack, in despite of the admiralty regulation, floating at their stern. And around these, and other first rates, crowded the small fry, anxious to catch the looks and the words of their superiors. Amidst the confused murmur of this strange assembly a distinguished orator arose to present Lady Kenmare with the tip

of the stag's ear, which he did, accompanying the action with a speech, that fully entitled him to his popular appellative of "the silver tongued."

"I feel," said he, "I feel"—and there was a general shout—"this to be the proudest—most glorious moment of my existence; indeed words can never sufficiently express the intense depth of my happiness in thus having the honour to present the wild monarch of the hills to the beautiful, all-accomplished, most lovely, and superlative lady of our lakes." Here the speaker placed his right hand on his left breast, waved a white cambric handkerchief, looked around for applause, and then, with a graceful bow, resumed his speech: "Lady, I lay this trophy at thy feet, but the monarch himself will be set at liberty. Irishmen know too well the bitterness of slavery to enslave even an animal, and feel the galling chains of political adamant too strongly not to weep when even a silken cord restrains the mountain deer. But Irishmen, I trust, through the exertions of the great, the mighty O'Connell, will yet be as free as the stag which bounds over their hills of fame, where green robed bards have sung,

and yellow vested warriors have trodden. Lady, keep this trophy in remembrance of old Erin—Erin, my country, beautiful even in the torrent of her tears; and as often as you look upon it, O! lady, give a sigh for the wrongs of Ireland's seven millions of degraded, persecuted Catholics; and pray for the downfall of their sworn enemies, the bloody orangemen, that Erin may be, as she ought to be,

"The first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea."

At the conclusion of this speech there was a universal shout of applause; the very hills rang again with the names and praise of O'Connell, Mahony, and Kenmare. The fleet then began to drop down the river, as the stag was to be released in Glenà Bay, from whence they were to proceed to Innisfallen, where the evening was to be closed with feast and dance.

A lively scene ensued on the arrival of the fleet at the old Weir Bridge. Dinis and the shores were covered with people, waiting to behold the boats shoot the bridge; and, as we were nearly the first to perform this feat, we had an opportunity of seeing the others descend. Down came boat after boat; some striking

against the rocks, and nearly overset; others steering clear of all obstructions, among which number was my friend Plunket, who, being coxswain to the Earl Kenmare, had been obliged to leave me, in order to pilot his lordship. I had however, no cause to complain, so well did honest Tim Lyne supply Plunket's place. As each boat descended, the crew gave a shout, which was answered from the shores; and then all proceeded on to Glenà Bay, where being ranged at each side of Mr. O'Connell's barge, the stag was freed.

The gallant stag is ta'en, the chase is o'er,
The sturdy rowers urge the flying boat—
Within Glenà's lone fairy bay, once more
That joyous fleet doth in its glory float,
As calm as skiff upon some castle's moat:
And there they set the antler'd monarch free,
With shout, and loud halloo, and bugle note;
Proudly he stems the wave, right glad to see
His native wilds again, and be at liberty.

Shortly after freeing the stag, the whole fleet put into Innisfallen, with colours flying, and the band playing. Upon landing, the different parties dispersed about the island, where they formed themselves in little groups, to partake of the collations they had brought with them.

Dinner over, some perambulated the walks; others seated on the shore enjoyed the scenery, and listened to the distant notes of music; while by far the greater part amused themselves with dancing on the green turf near the banqueting-house, where the Kerry band were stationed; and not a few of the young men displayed their skill in a rowing match around the island.

> "Glanced many a light caique along the foam,
> Danced on the shore the daughters of the land."

Upon this scene the moon arose broad and bright.

"That's fortunate for you," said Mr. Lynch; "for it would be a sad thing to go away, without a moonlight row on the lake; suppose I order the men to pull us to Glenà Bay, and from thence back to Ross."

Departing for Glenà, we glided gently across the moonlit waters. If I was writing a novel, here would be the place for pictorial sentiment; but as I am not, and as Mr. Weld has given a wondrous description of Glenà as seen by moonlight, I shall merely say that Glenà, always

romantic and beautiful, is rendered doubly so by moonlight and music.

Oh then, at such an hour to sail along
The silver'd waters by some mountain's side,
Whose trees shall rustle overhead a song
Bassed by the murmur of the chafing tide,
By the breeze brought and echo multiplied.
Oh then, at such an hour amid such sounds,
To sail with her, your own—your gentle bride—

But truce to such dreams.

On our return homewards, Thady Begly commenced whistling the exquisite old melody of *Aileen a roon.* Although no air is more familiar to me, in my mood of mind at the instant I felt charmed with its wild simplicity; the sound of every note went directly to my heart; till Doolan suddenly checked my enjoyment by placing his hand on Begly's mouth.

"Why then," said he, "don't be after going to whistle that diabolical tune, for sure and *sartin* there's something diabolical in it; and 'twill be many a long day till you whistle it again, when you hear the whole story about it.

"You must know then, that Father Phill Clancey happened one day to be in Killarney

about a little business of his own, and was kept by one thing or another, till the night came on; a desperate dark night it was; so, as there was no use in attempting to go home, he was obliged to content himself with a snug lodging, and a smoking tumbler of whiskey punch. Well, just as he was mixing the second tumbler, word was brought him, that Moll Barry of Claunteens was at the last gasp, and that she couldn't leave the world in *pace,* if Father Phill didn't give her the blessed sacrament. Now, Father Phill didn't like to leave his warm tumbler of punch and snug room, and small blame to him for that; but if it was a Turk, how could he refuse him, and he at the last gasp? let alone Moll Barry, who was a relation of his own, and a good Christian. So seeing there was no help for it, up he gets on his bit of a pony, and away he gallops along the Castle Island road, as fast as the dark would let him. It wasn't long till he passed the park gate, and the little bridge over the Dinah, and, to make a long story short, he got on well enough till he came to the *ould* fort at Knockeen Duve—a lonesome place it is, and they say the good people live in it; and sure enough there's a sort of a

cave covered over with smooth flags in the middle of it. But be that as it may, 'tis *sartin* that when Father Phill came to the fort, he heard the most *beautifullest* music in the world, so that he couldn't, for the life of him, help standing to listen; well, all at once, the music stopped, and two of the finest voices that was ever heard before or since, begun to tune up *Aileen a roon* in prime style. If Father Phill was pleased with the music, he was much better pleased with the song; so, after listening for some time, he thought he'd just ride into the fort, and see who it was that was singing so beautiful entirely. Well, fakes if he did, the moment he got into the fort what should he see but two great mastiffs of bulldogs, sitting overright one another, and singing for the bare life; and no sooner did his reverence make the sign of the cross, than away they flew in a flame of fire,—and Father Phill, clapping spurs to his pony, galloped on as fast as he could. It wasn't long till he came to the house at Claunteens; but he was the day after the fair, for poor Moll Barry was dead and gone; and then he knew well enough that it was the devil himself (the Lord *presarve* us!), that stopped

him at the *ould* fort, to prevent his giving the poor woman the blessed sacrament. So you see its no wonder that I don't like to hear a Christian whistling the devil's tune. For 'tis as true a story, as that you are sitting there; and didn't I hear it word for word out of Father Phill's own mouth? and sure I wouldn't go to belie him, now that he's dead and gone, for 'tis not my way you see."

As Doolan concluded his story, we had reached Ross Quay, where we found numbers, who like ourselves had just landed, and were hastening home to Killarney. Indeed, the rattle of jingles and coaches was to the full as great as it had been in the morning; and we, not to be behind-hand with the rest, contributed our share, by mounting one of Gorham's vehicles, and jingling it away to the town; Spillane all the time playing on his bugle, with might and main.

"You had better stop, Spillane," said Mr. Lynch, as we approached Killarney; "you know, we have some very anti-musical magistrates."

"I believe," replied Spillane, "they'll let musicians alone again, as long as they live;

for wasn't there Mr. Dumass, more strength to his elbow, and more wind in his bellows?—and didn't Moriarty for the same reason, prosecute Blake, the captain of the Peelers, and make him pay the piper, with a vengeance? it was a dear song to him, any how."

Scarcely had we entered the town, when our ears were assailed by a most tremendous uproar.—"Here's a Barry"—"Here's a Leary"—"Five pounds for a Barry's head"—"Ten pounds for a Leary"—"Here's up-street for Barry"—"Here's down-street for a Leary"—resounded through the town.

"Spillane, what's all this uproar about? the stag-hunt whiskey seems to be stirring among the good people of Killarney."

"O sir, it's only a bit of a skirmish between up-street and down-street, and the faction of the Barrys and Learys; it's nothing to what they used to have long ago, when one part of the town fought against the other, with old scythes and swords and stones; and the women used to come behind a man, with a parcel of stones in an old stocking, and knock him as dead as a herring." Presently there came a cry of "The Peelers"—"The Peelers"—and im-

mediately three or four green-coated, black-belted horsemen, with a fiery magistrate at their head, dashed into the thick of the crowd; and after some time, succeeded in putting an end to the fray.

"Why then," said a gigantic countryman, who stood near me; "why then, isn't it a mortal shame for Mr. Galway to drive among the people at that rate? how does he know, but he'd kill the poor *craters*, and they as thick as midges? 'tis long till Mr. Cashell would do the likes, any how."

"And who is this Mr. Cashell?" said I, to Spillane. "He's a good gentleman, and a magistrate, sir; and has a beautiful good lady to his wife; her own name is Wilson; she came from Scotland, and has a brother that is a great writer, and a fine poet."

"Oh, then, she is sister to the ingenious Professor of that name."

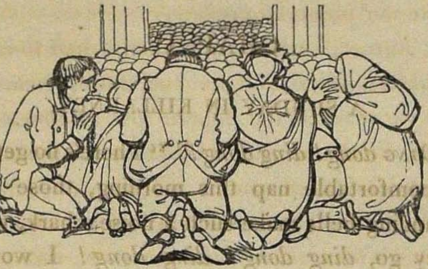
Once more, I enter Gorham's Hotel, where a comfortable bed, and sound sleep, soon rendered me alike insensible to the fatigues or pleasures of the day.

CHAP. IV.

A SUNDAY IN KILLARNEY.

"*Ding dong! ding dong!*" "There's no getting a comfortable nap this morning, those confounding bells make such a noise; hark, there they go, *ding dong! ding dong!* I wonder what's the reason of it? Oh, now I recollect, it is Sunday morning; and certainly if I am to judge by the jingling of bells, the good people of Killarney must be very devout.—Well, as I cannot sleep, I will get up."

In a short time, I was dressed, down stairs, and in the street. Crowds upon crowds were hurrying to first mass; and, joining the throng, I soon found myself at the entrance of the chapel in the New Street, but beyond this there was no possibility of proceeding, as the chapel was crowded, and the very yard full of people, most devoutly kneeling, and endeavouring to catch the sound of the priest's voice. Here was the state of blockade presented by the chapel door—



My curiosity gratified, I returned to Gorham's, where I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of Mr. Lynch, who had been waiting my return.

"I see you have been out early," said he, "what do you mean to do with yourself to-day?"

"I mean to witness a Sunday in Killarney; having already beheld no bad specimen of the devotion of its inhabitants."

"Then I promise you," said Mr. Lynch, "full employment, notwithstanding that it is the sabbath day. So soon as you are done breakfast, we will take a turn as far as Woodlawn, after which we can go to church, and

then stroll through the town, if you please, and make our observations."

"Agreed," said I, and when I had finished breakfast, we set off on our walk. Scarcely had we reached the double row of lime-trees on the Flesk road, when we perceived a number of shock-headed youths enjoying a game at goal (the cricket of Ireland), in an adjoining field. Their amusement however, was soon interrupted by the appearance of Father Fitzmaurice, which was immediately perceived by a tall boy, with a hurley in his hand, who had evidently been posted as a watch upon the movements of his reverence.

"Run, ye vagabonds, the devil burn ye, run, —run for your lives, ye thieves of the world, run.—Here's Father Fitz coming down the road, and 'tis to blazes he'll send you all next Sunday, if ye aren't out of sight in a jiffy— run, *by's*, run," roared he; and in an instant they all scampered off, before the priest could arrive at the field of action, and recognise the transgressors. But a rude sketch may help to convey the scene more perfectly to the reader.

A pleasant walk it is from the town, to the river Flesk, and quite the mall, with the first rates, and second rates, and all the rates and ranks of people. On the present occasion, instead of going straight on to the bridge, as most people do, Mr. Lynch turned off to the left, and followed the Woodlawn road; thinking it, I suppose, more agreeable to get under

the shade of the old oak trees, which give name to the place, than to remain exposed to the sun. The weather had, within a few days, become extremely hot, so hot, indeed, that a dearth of provisions was in consequence apprehended. No sooner did the blazing sun appear above the horizon, than the dew vanished from the fainting herbage, and the whole country began to look brown and scorched; the cattle ran fiercely about the meadows, or stood deep in lake, river, or stagnant pool, with a melancholy low, lashing away the flies with their long tails; the farmers were walking pictures of misery, certainly no extraordinary occurrence; but for Kerry farmers to be made unhappy by the want of rain was indeed an uncommon event.

Amid this state of affairs, as Mr. Lynch and myself were enjoying the luxurious shade of the oak wood a decent elderly man was accosted by that gentleman, with "Good morrow, Daniel."

"Oh, the top of the morning to your honour," said he.

"Were you taking a dip, Daniel?"

"Not in the least, sir," he replied, "I was only taking a look at a few ridges of praties I

have below there, God help them," and in order to suit the action to the word—though I presume he had never read a line of Hamlet's advice to the players; with the ejaculation, "God help them!" he raised his eyes most piteously to heaven, at the same time elevating his hands, as in act of supplication.

"'Tis hot weather, indeed," said Mr. Lynch, in answer to his look and action; "'tis hot weather, indeed, and I am beginning to fear the consequences will be very injurious to the country."

"Who knows? God is good!" said he, "God is good!" at the same time striking his left breast with his right hand! "God is good, glory be to his name! did you never hear how He made three ears of corn to grow out of a griddle-cake?"

"No, indeed, Daniel, I did not," replied Mr. Lynch.

"Well then, I'll tell you, sir;" and he began by two or three hems to prepare for his story.

"Your honour must know, that a long time ago, there fell out just such another summer as this; the whole country was burned up with the heat, and the people were all crying out

for rain, for they thought surely they'd have no harvest at all at all, and that they'd be all starved to death. Well, sir, it happened at this very time, that the holy Bridget, blessed be her name! came travelling through the country with a Cad an' Skiver, and a poor child upon her back. So the weather being hot, she just made bold to *ax* for shelter in the house of a strong farmer that lived hard by. She wasn't long sitting in the kitchen, when who should come in but the farmer himself. ''Tis terrible weather,' says he, 'and we'll be all ruined if we don't water the crops; so do you run, Paddeen,' says he to his little *gossoon*, 'and collect the boys, and in the mean time the women can be making cakes for them.' So away went the *gossoon*, and the women began to make dough for the cakes. Now, the holy Bridget was sitting by all the time, so she up and *tould* them, it was better for them to pray, and put their trust in God, than to be making such a *fooster* about watering the crops, for God could set all to rights in a moment. 'What do you know about the matter?' says the farmer, 'that's a likely story, indeed, you want to come over us with, just as if the crops would

grow without water.' The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the child poked his head from under the blessed Bridget's cloak, 'I'll show you what God can do,' says he, 'if you'll only put a bit of that dough on the griddle.' So they did as the child desired them; but no sooner did the bit of dough on the griddle begin to bake, than three of the most beautiful stalks of corn, with fine full ears, grew out of the middle of it. So the people were all surprised; and when they turned round, both Saint Bridget and the child were gone, no one could tell how or where. Then they knew it was a miracle sent from God, and didn't attempt to water the crops, but said their prayers, and put their trust in Him. And there never was, nor ever will be, such a plentiful harvest as there was that very year. So you see," continued Daniel, "so you see it's a sin to grumble, when God can set all to rights in a minute, and make our crops grow without rain as well as make the corn grow out of the griddle cake."

"That's a wonderful story; where did you get it, Daniel?"

"Why, then," said he, "I read it many a

long day ago in the *Scripturs,* or the Lives of the Saints, or some such book; and, sure, I suppose it's all one: but at any rate we ought to put our trust in God."

Ding—ding—ding—ding—ding.—"There's the hurry bell," exclaimed Mr. Lynch; "we must make the best of our way to church. Good bye, Daniel."

"Good bye—and good luck to your honour," said Daniel, as we left him at double quick time.

The church is directly opposite Gorham's Hotel, and though not a very splendid edifice, has a look of neatness from its iron railings, little shrubbery in front, and steeple, which is a wooden structure covered with slate. At the gate we found two or three constables or Peelers doing the duty of beadles, and ready to prevent any disturbance (a necessary precaution) about the church during time of service. On our entrance we beheld a tolerably extensive congregation; but this was owing to the influx of strangers, as there are not many protestants in or about Killarney. The interior of the church, though neat, was very plain, possessing but one small gallery, where sat the little

choir; its front decorated with the arms of England, supported by the lion and the unicorn. Along the walls were certain monumental inscriptions; among which might be seen those to the memory of Earls of Kenmare; for though a Roman catholic family, the church contained their mortal remains. In the window, over the communion table, was a small transparency, representing, as I was told by the pew-opener, the Last Supper, at which, if it be so, two of the disciples only are represented. The congregation appeared clad in their "Sunday's best;" each scrutinizing his or her neighbour, for the laudable purpose of after-church criticism, and morning-visit conversation. While in all the pride of place, if I may be forgiven applying the phrase to churchmen, stood the Rev. Arthur Hyde, with his clerical sub, the Rev. Mr. Bland in the reading desk, nor must I forget to mention the best possible of all clerks, Mr. Thomas Ruddle.

The church service passed as usual, without any thing particular, except that the clerk read a great deal better than the clergymen, who, however, did not perform badly. Mr. Bland then ascended the pulpit, and delivered a

moderate, and at the same time an eloquent discourse, in which no sectarian acidity was subtilely mingled with the sound doctrines of the church of England, or the pure charity of christian principles.

On issuing from the church we found an immense crowd assembled to see, what in Killarney was esteemed a wonder, a protestant Lady Kenmare coming out of church! Mixing with this crowd, I could not avoid overhearing some of the remarks—"Why then, isn't she a fine figure of a woman?" said one.

"Oh, but isn't it a pity to see her coming out of a church, where a Lady Kenmare never went before, since the world was a world?" said another.

"Och," said a third, "she'll soon be taught the right way, and come to the true church; for didn't my lord take her to Rome to see the pope? And doesn't she go to visit the ladies at the *convint*, and hear the *childer* the right catechism? And doesn't the priest stand by, and be explaining the *maning* of it all to her ladyship?"

"That's true for you," was the reply; "and, sure, if she was at last mass to-day, she'd have

hard a beautiful fine *sarmint*, from Bishop Eagan, that would have *convarted* her entirely, so it would. For didn't he tell how the catholics was the only true church? and how there wasn't much *differ* between them and the *rale* protestants? for, sure, there is a great *differ* between the *rale* protestants and such *methodises* and new lights as little Stephen, that preaches in Wat Agar's barn. Little Stephen is a *rale* honest man any how, and not to be compared to that new-light, dandy preacher, Mr. Mac Crea; they say he's got a widow with a big *fortin.* Egad, it isn't a bad trade, for these *prachers* are mighty handy at snapping up widows; but, as I was saying, he has little business coming here to *pervart* the people, and make ill will amongst the neighbours. I suppose he thinks, because he has *pervarted* that unfortunate Mary Minehan, that he'll have the whole place to himself—but he's out in his *reckning;* and, any way, it was a mortal shame to put so many lies in the paper, about her being *kilt*, and murdered, and *bate*, when it was no such thing at all; for didn't the magistrates sit upon it, and find it out all a pack of

lies? but, whisht, there's some of the *methodises staning* near, and they'll be after hearing us."

This last exclamation directed our attention towards two young men who were standing at no great distance: the one, a tall, thin, awkward youth, with a downy cheek, and a considerable stoop; the other, a crabbed little fellow, with a cunning phiz, surmounted by a glazed military cap.

Mr. Lynch immediately accosted them with, "How are you, Richard? how do you do, Mun? I perceive we have had Lady Kenmare at church to-day."

"Ay, that we had," said the little one. "She's true blue; they can't turn her, with all their endeavours."

"I was a somewhat alarmed though," said the tall youth, "for she staid away from church three Sundays."

"Your account is settled at all events, Richard," said Mr. Lynch, "after the evidence you gave, on the investigation into that affair of Mary Minehan's."

"I care nothing about them," was the reply, "I told the truth; besides, all the magistrates

were papists, and what could be expected from them, where a priest was concerned?"

"I hope you don't intend to insinuate that so many honourable gentleman were partial; take care what you are about, Richard, for I am sure such an accusation would be repelled with the indignation it deserves; besides, there certainly were misrepresentations."

"It's no matter what I intend, I have my own opinion on that subject; and I am quite certain, if things go on as they are—if government doesn't look to it in time, there'll be desperate work—ay, desperate work."

"Indeed," said Mr. Lynch, with an incredulous smile, "I hope, and I rather think not; we must make allowances for party spirit, for those bickerings in politics and religion which have too long prevailed in this unfortunate country. Every enlightened mind must see that such a state of things is equally foreign to common sense, true patriotism, and true religion."

"Indeed, my dear Mr. Lynch," said the little personage, "you do not know them, or you would not say so; indeed they're a shocking murdering set, I assure you, I am quite convinced of it."

Just as the little man had concluded this sweeping sentence, there arose a great stir and confusion in the street, which we soon found was occasioned by the churchwardens, who were proceeding rather violently in their endeavours to suppress sabbath-breaking; but this was not to be wondered at, when we found the churchwardens themselves were mere boys, into whose hands, certainly, such a power should not have been entrusted. The affair was no sooner over than the little personage with the cap resumed the conversation, by asking Mr. Lynch if he had got his book back from the priest?

"What book?" inquired that gentleman.

"The Christian Magazine, to be sure, which you lent to young ———, and which Father Fitz took away from him, because he didn't choose him to read such damnable books."

"Oh, nonsense," replied Mr. Lynch, "I see what you are about; the priest, I dare say, will return it when he has sufficiently amused himself by its perusal—Good bye, gentlemen."

"Just stop a minute," said the tall youth, "I want to know whether you'll go to hear Mr. Mac Crea to-night."

"I can't," said Mr. Lynch.

"To be sure you won't," said the little personage; "you'll come and hear the new methodist preacher; you don't hold Mr. Mac Crea's calvinist doctrines, I'm sure, that some are born to be saved, and all the rest to be damned."

"That's the Scripture doctrine, however," said the tall youth, "and not the methodist doctrine, that people can be saved by their own works, which is every bit as bad as popery; I tell you, sir, good works and self-righteousness are as dirty rags in the sight of God."

"Oh, ho," whispered Mr. Lynch, "it is high time for us to be off"—and away we went, leaving the two disputants in high argument about election and predestination.

CHAP. V.

FUNERALS AND WAKES.

Quitting Killarney, I walked with Mr. Lynch towards his cottage. On our way thither we were accosted by an old woman, who solicited for the honour of God and the glory of the Virgin, a trifle towards burying her.

"Why, Molly," said Mr. Lynch, "you ought to have been buried six months since."

"What, buried alive?" said I.

"No—but dead and buried," replied Mr. Lynch, "at least, all the preparations for the funeral were, to my knowledge, made last Christmas; but, perhaps," he continued, addressing the mendicant, "you have not yet determined as to whether it is to be at Mucruss or Aghadoe."

"Oh, then, long life to your good honour entirely," ejaculated the old woman, "and may every day be full of blessings, and luck, and grace be with you, and the widow's blessing be upon you wherever you go."

"Well, Molly," said Mr. Lynch, "which is it, Mucruss or Aghadoe you are to be buried at?"

"'Tis, it is the cruel hard question for a poor *cratur* like me to answer; for sure there's my husband lies in Aghadoe, God be good to him, and my father, and my six brothers, Lord rest their *sowls*, at Mucruss. And sure then it would be only proper for me to spend a little time with my father and my brothers, but then 'tis a deal more natural for me to go to my poor husband."

"My good woman," said I, "it appears to me a matter of very little consequence what becomes of our body after death."

"Och, 'tis easy for quality like your honour to say so," she answered, "but 'tis I that knows well enough, if 'twas buried I was at Mucruss along with my own people, 'tis my husband would be coming looking after me every night. And indeed, a *cushla*, 'tis only last Saturday week that I saw my husband through my sleep, and his legs were all cut from the knees down, for the want of the shoes and stockings. So the little trifle I had to make a comfortable wake for myself, I

couldn't find it in my heart to keep, and poor Paddy in want of the shoes and stockings, so I bought a pair for him; and I saw him since he got them, and now he's quite comfortable."

"What, buy a pair of shoes for a dead man! I never heard of such a thing."

"May be not; why, your honour, 'twas not myself, you see, bought them, for sure there would be no use in that, but 'twas the priest, long life to him, took the money."

"And now that you have done so much for Paddy," said Mr. Lynch, scarcely able to suppress a smile, "I think you may as well make up your mind to be buried with him at Aghadoe."

"'Tis the more natural I should be laid with my husband than with any one else," said the old woman after a pause, "and I'll go to him, though I dread, if 'tis buried I am at Aghadoe, my six brothers will be coming there to see me and quarreling with poor Paddy, for they never liked him. And 'tis my brothers that were fine boys, six foot high, and 'tis they had sticks all the year round seasoning up the chimney, and were terrible fellows at handling them—so they were."

"Here is something towards your wake, Molly," said I, "although I think you had much better buy a handkerchief for your head, or any thing else that would make you comfortable while alive. In my opinion this grand wake is only throwing so much money away, from which it is impossible you can have any enjoyment."

"Oh, *a gragale,* and 'tis on the knees of my heart I thank you; and may what you've given the poor *ould* lonesome widow be returned to you a thousand times. 'Tis I that know what to do with the neighbours when they come to my wake—but 'tis only your own honour I'll tell. You see, when they're all there from far and near, as to be sure they will, in the night, and I within in my coffin, I'll just get Norah, my daughter, to tie a string to my big toe, and put it out through a hole in the wall. Well, when they're all *gothered* together, my dear, let Norah go out and give it a good pull, and then up will go my leg in the coffin, and then, I'll engage, she'll soon get rid of them, and there'll be an end to the expense for candles and whiskey and *tobaky*—for they'll all think 'tis come to life I am; and there, I'll have a decent wake that will

be remembered as long as any wake in the country. Then, your honour, let me be buried the day after that, because, you know, I must be for the first night drawing water—but my poor husband will help me to bring the water; and if I want to be buried at Mucruss with my brothers, they'd think more of their wives, as 'tis only right and proper they should."

The latter part of this speech, indeed all that the old woman had said, would have been unintelligible to me, was I not aware that the Irish peasantry consider the state after death to be a material one, where long journeys have to be performed and certain duties fulfilled.

I have little to say about the dinner which Mr. Lynch gave me at Garden Cottage. It was an excellent homely meal, comfortably served and seasoned by the true sauce piquant of Ireland—a hearty welcome.

"How infinitely to be preferred," said I, "are these cuts of broiled salmon, this plain joint of salted mutton, and these well cooked potatoes, and verdant vegetables, to the highly seasoned dishes I have eaten even from the classic Cuisine of Ude."

"Ude," interrupted Mr. Lynch, "have I not heard that name before?"

"Very probably you have," said I; "Ude's fame is boundless as is his talent. Does not London resound from St. James's to Ireland's favoured colony, St. Giles's, with the celebrity of this Professor of the culinary art? Are not his bon mots the fortune of the magazines and newspapers? In short, English literature boasts a Ude and a Rogers, while we have our Norbury."

"But," said Mr. Lynch, "I rather think I have seen the Professor as you call him—what sort of a man is he?"

"There is a portrait which you may see prefixed to his immortal tome on French cookery, but, between ourselves, that is by no means flattering to the Professor. Ude is far from being the black muzzled dog there represented—his countenance is frank and fat, and there is an air of pensive enthusiasm about it, which reminds one of his unfortunate master, Louis XVI. Ude boasts of having been admitted to the confidence of no less than eight sovereigns."

"Yes," said Mr. Lynch, with a peculiar expression, his countenance rather indicative of a Roland for an Oliver, "it is—it must be.

—I can guess now who the mysterious stranger was that late one evening last autumn arrived at Gorham's, and created such a hubbub in the house, *sacréing* every dish placed before him —kicking the waiter, assaulting the cook with her own spit, dressing *propria manû* a strange dish with game and ham and herbs and sauces, speechifying in half French, half English, to a mob of people—Gorham and all his inmates —abusing Irish cookery, to which he attributed the barbarous state of the country, lecturing them on the noble science, and, finally, disappearing no one knew how."

"Aut Ude—aut diabolus, no question," said I; "but this conversation is unsuitable to the evening."

Over a moderate glass our discourse now became what artists term more in keeping. I could not refrain from making some observations on the various scenes of the morning—the chapel—the church—and what left a still deeper impression than either, the singular mendicant we had encountered.

"There is something very strange," said I, "in that poor old woman's notions of a future state, which probably arise from the doctrine

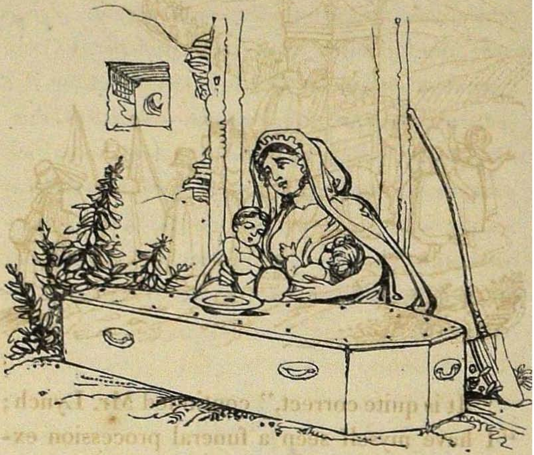
of purgatory; and then her plan for an economical wake.—I wish I had sketched the hag, to add to my funeral collections, as she really was not an unpicturesque figure."

"Funeral collections?" repeated Mr. Lynch, "what do you mean by funeral collections?"

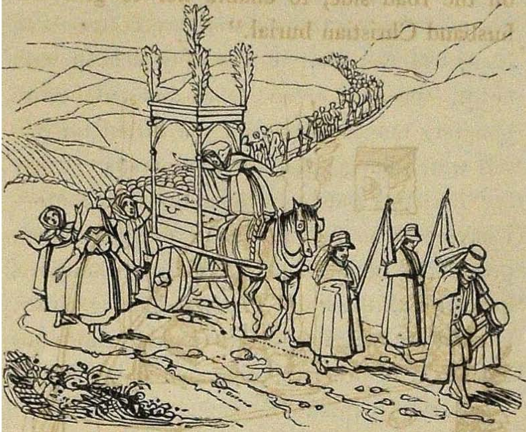
"I can soon explain myself—Sketches illustrative of funerals and wakes in Ireland, which have always appeared to me peculiar and romantic. Here is my sketch book—this was made the other evening in Mucruss—a mother and a daughter over the grave of a lost child and sister.

And here—here is the widow soliciting alms

on the road side, to enable her to give her husband Christian burial."



"Oh, here is the funeral procession itself," said Mr. Lynch, turning over the leaf of my sketch book. "The keeners wailing over and beside the coffin, which is borne on a herse, or rather a cart with a triumphal canopy,—the pole-bearers in advance, and the long procession trailing through the mountains.



"It is quite correct," continued Mr. Lynch; "I have myself seen a funeral procession extend nearly three miles—perhaps you may like to have an account of a child's wake, which I wrote immediately after the occurrence.—I found it amongst the papers I have been turning over in search of materials for your Guide Book; and I was on the point of flinging it into the fire this morning. There it is on the chimney-piece."

"Read—read," said I.

"A hem."—"It was with a feeling of

content and pleasure, that on the Christmas eve of 1826 I gazed around my cottage kitchen, and saw that it was duly decked with holly; the dark green leaves and red berries mingling fantastically with the bright tin vessels which hung upon the white walls.

"I confess that I am partial to old customs—I have even no objection to an old superstition, provided it be harmless. I did not, therefore, quarrel with the block that was blazing on the kitchen hearth, nor object to the enormous candle lit in order to bring in the joyous anniversary of Christmas.

"Scarcely, was the evening circle formed around the fire, when I was startled by a loud wailing. The Irish funeral cry is at all times a wild and melancholy sound, but at this moment of festivity, the contrast made it appear more than usually sad; and as it mingled fitfully with the wind that moaned without, it occasionally assumed an unearthly cadence, that might seem to a fanciful mind, the wail of some wandering spirit.

"The Lord *presarve* us!" cried Debby the maid, "the Lord *presarve* us! its the Banshee; I wonder who's to go now."

"Psha! don't be foolish," said I; "I will soon find out what occasions this noise. So saying, I walked into the hall and put on my hat. At once every voice was raised to dissuade me from attempting so hazardous an enterprise, but all in vain; I was obstinately bent upon proceeding, and amid warning looks, and prognosticating nods, I took my departure.

"The night was dark, so dark, indeed, that the pathway from my cottage was hardly to be discerned, and as I pursued the direction from which the cry seemed to proceed, I was obliged to keep close to the road wall. I had not advanced many yards, when the voice of sorrow died away, and no other sound was to be heard, save the fitful breath of the blast as it whistled drearily through the leafless branches of some old trees which overhung the road. I am not superstitious, and yet, I confess that I did feel certain sensations, which of course reason, if I had been able to reason at the moment, would have checked; it was therefore with something of pleasure, that I reached the cabin of a poor man named Sullivan. As I approached the door, I heard a low moan from within, and immediately con-

cluded that the *ullagone* or death cry, which occasioned me to sally forth, proceeded from thence. But when I raised the latch, and looked about the interior of the cabin, what words can express the misery that met my view!

"Sullivan's house judged, from its outward appearance, might be deemed a more comfortable dwelling than what usually falls to the lot of an Irish peasant; for it had a slate roof, and two windows without the usual accompaniment of some straw, or an old hat to supply the place of the broken glass; but no sooner did I enter, than every idea of comfort vanished. There was the high roof without any intervening loft; the cold and damp earthen floor broken into a hundred heights and hollows: the whole length of the house without any division to render it less dreary; the door through whose crevices the wintry gale entered at will; the black and smoky walls; and a spark of fire almost extinguished by the darkness of the huge vent in which it glimmered, and which scarcely afforded the idea of warmth. A few rush-bottomed chairs, a small table, with a wretched bedstead, and a

worse bed, placed, for the sake of warmth, close to the hearth, were the only furniture to be seen in this cheerless dwelling. The table stood at the foot of the bed, and on it lay the corpse of a little boy about four years old; his dark hair sleeked over his marble brow, and his snowy lids sending their long fringes over his calm and palid cheeks. On one side sat the mother, with a look of anguish, and a low moan, rocking her body to and fro. On the other side a little girl had clambered up, and was endeavouring to open her brother's leaden lids. Two young girls, the sisters of the deceased, sat upon the bedstead; while the unfortunate father, with clasped hands and a look of patient endurance, bent over the comfortless hearth.

"The body of the corpse was covered with a white sheet, borrowed for the occasion from some richer neighbour; on its feet was placed a large plate of tobacco, and a candle was burning at each side. This was all the preparation they had been able to make for the wake, and this in itself was a sufficient proof of their poverty; as the people on such occasions seldom spare any expense within their

power. The first thing which struck me on entering this house of mourning, was the extreme emptiness of the place; and this appeared the more extraordinary, as the peasantry think it meritorious to sit up with the dead, and usually on such occasions assemble in great numbers; for 'to be spent well with' and to have 'a good *berrin*' are matters of great importance to the lower orders of the Irish.

"Upon inquiry, I found this desertion proceeded from the festival of Christmas—no one being willing to go from home on such an evening. 'And sure we can't blame them,' said the poor man, 'for it's only what we'd do ourselves; but I expect them about nine or ten o'clock, and then they'll sit with us till the bell rings for morning's mass." At the time specified, the company dropped in by degrees, till at length the house was full. The men took their places in silence, but some of the women occasionally walked over to the corpse and raised the funeral cry. Smoking and conversation served to pass away the time,—the merits of different keeners were discussed, and many a tale was told of ghosts and banshees, fairies

and fetches. One which I happen to remember, I shall write, though not in the precise words of the narrator.

"Tom Coghlan one evening returned to his house, expecting to find the fire blazing, the potatoes boiling, his wife smiling, and his children as merry as grigs. And without doubt these things are a great comfort to a poor man; but it wasn't Tom's luck to find matters as he expected; for there was no fire, and his wife was scolding, and the children were all crying from hunger. Poor Tom was quite dumbfoundered to find matters going on so badly; for though there were potatoes enough in the house, there wasn't so much as a *brosna* to boil them with. What was to be done? After considering for some time, he bethought himself of the great furze bushes which grew in the old fort on the top of Knockanes, and snatching up a billhook away he went. Before he reached the top of the hill, the sun had gone down, and the moon had risen above the eastern hills; wide and vast was the prospect disclosed by her wavering, watery light; for on the one hand might be seen the Bay of

Tralee with its full sparkling tide, from whose verge uprose Slieve Mish, Cahir-Con-righ, and that vast chain of mountains extending to the west, while the towns of Blennerville and Tralee slept dim-discovered in the valley beneath; on the other hand, lay the bare and barren sandhills, the wide-extending common of Ardfert, and the broad-sweeping strand which skirted the billowy bay of Ballyheigh. And far to the west, the mighty Atlantic rolled its waste of waters unbounded and unshackled, save where, to the right and left, the misty forms of Brandon Hill and Kerry Head, like the horns of a vast crescent, shot out far into the restless deep.

"Such was the prospect which lay before the unobservant eye of Tom Coghlan, who saw nothing but the old fort, which superstition had taught him to consider as an *airy* and a fearful place; the breeze which faintly rustled amid the bushes was to him a sound of terror, and the distant murmur of the deep, booming through the silence of the night, struck his spirit with a mysterious and indefinable awe. Conquering his fear, however, as he approached

the fort, and remembering that his children were as yet without their supper, he raised his arm in act to fell one of the large furze bushes which grew on the embankment, when its descent was suddenly arrested by the sound of a small shrill voice. The startled workman let the billhook drop from his grasp, as looking up he beheld—perched upon a furze bush—a little old man, not more than a foot and a half high, with a face nearly the colour of a tawny mushroom; his little sparkling eyes, twinkled like Kerry stones in the dark, and illumined his distorted visage, which was surmounted by a long red cap, something in the shape of an extinguisher; his body was small and bore no proportion to his limbs which were unusually long. Such was the extraordinary being who interrupted Tom Coghlan at his work, and whom I shall distinguish by the name of *Little Redcap*.

"'O ho!' said the little Redcap, 'is that what you'd be after, Mister Tommy Coghlan? What did me or mine ever do to you, that you should come cutting down our bushes?'

"'Why then nothing at all, your honour,'

said Tom, recovering a little from his fright; 'why then nothing at all, your honour, only the poor little *childer* were crying with the hunger, and I thought I'd just make *bould* to cut a bush or two to *bile* the *praties* with, for we hadn't so much as a *brosna* in the house.'

"'You mustn't cut down the bushes, Tom,' said the little Redcap, 'but as you are an honest man I'll buy them from you, though I've a better right to them than you have; but the quiet way is the best always, so if you take my advice, you'll carry this quern home with you, and let the bushes alone.' 'Quern, indeed!' said Tom, at the same time giving a look of astonishment; for it was so small that he might have put it with all ease into his breeches pocket; 'quern, indeed! and what good will that bit of a quern do me? sure it wont *bile* the *praties* for the *grawls!*' 'What good will it do you?' said the little Redcap, 'I'll tell you what good it will do you—it will make you and your family as strong and as fat as so many stall-fed bullocks; and if it won't *bile* the *praties*, it will do a great deal better, for you have only to turn it about, and it will

give you the greatest plenty of elegant meal; but, if ever you sell any of it, that moment the quern will lose its virtue.'

"'It's a bargain,' said Tom, 'so give me the quern, and you're heartily welcome to the bushes.'

"'There it is for you, Tom,' said the little Redcap, at the same time throwing it down to him; 'there it is for you, and much good may it do you, but remember you are not to sell the meal on any account.'

"'Let me alone for that,' said Tom, as he made the best of his way home, where his wife was trying to comfort the children, and wondering all the time what in the world could keep Tom out so long; but when she saw him return without so much as a *kippen* to boil the potatoes with, her wrath, which had been repressed for the last half hour, burst out like Beamish and Crawford's bottled porter when the cork is drawn. 'Wisha then!' said she, 'isn't this a poor case, to say you'd come in *widout* any thing to *bile* the *praties*, and I breaking my heart this two hours trying to keep the *childer* quiet. But I suppose you were at the shebeen-house, instead of minding

me or mine—If I had to travel about with *a cad an' skiver* an' a bag on my back, I won't put up *wid* you any longer, you nasty, drunken, *gomal* of a *baste*.' Here she paused for want of breath, and Tom, taking the opportunity to put in a word, said 'Arrah, then can't you be *asy*, Judy? mind you indeed, may be I wasn't minding you why. See that now, for a thing I brought you;' continued Tom, at the same time pulling the quern out of his pocket.

"'O you *ounshaugh* of a *gomal!*' roared Judy, 'what good are those two little stones, —will they feed the *grawls?* tell me that, you natural?'

"'Feed the *grawls!* fakes an' 'tis they that will,'' said Tom. So he told her all about the little quern, and how he got it from the red-capped fairy.

"'We'll try it directly,' said Judy; and they pulled the big table into the middle of the floor, and commenced grinding away with the quern. Before long the most beautiful meal began to come from it, and in a short time they had every vessel in the house full. Judy was quite delighted, and the children managed as well as they could for that night

by eating plenty of the raw meal. For a long time things went on very well, the quern giving them food in abundance; till they all grew as fat and sleek as coach-horses. Unfortunately one day, Judy, being at a great loss for a little money, was tempted to take a few pecks of the meal, and sell it in the town of Tralee; but if she did, sorry enough she was for it; for from that day out, the quern lost all its virtue, and if Tom was grinding for ever, it wouldn't give them a taste of meal. Tom couldn't for the life of him find out the reason, for Judy was afraid to tell him about her selling the meal; so putting his billhook under his arm, away he went to the old fort, determined to be revenged on little Redcap, by cutting down his bushes.

"Scarcely had he commenced the work, when the little Redcap made his appearance: mighty angry he was that Tom should come cutting his bushes, after having made a fair bargain with him; but Tom, nothing daunted, was as stiff as he was stout, and told him that 'he was a deceitful little ugly vagabond, to give him a quern that wasn't worth a *thraneen;*

and that if he didn't give him a good one for it, he'd cut down every bush in the fort.'

" 'What a *bullamskiagh* you are, Mister Tom,' said the little Redcap, 'but you'd better be easy and let the bushes alone, or may be so well you'd pay for it; deceive you, indeed! didn't I tell you the quern would lose its power, if you sold any of the meal?'

" 'And sure I didn't either,' said Tom. 'Well, it's all one for that,' answered the little Redcap, 'for if you didn't, your wife did; and as to giving you another quern, it's out of the question, for we have but one in the fort you see, and a hard battle we fought, to get it from another party of the good people. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Tom; let the bushes alone, and I'll make a doctor of you.'

" 'A doctor, indeed! may be it's a fool you're making of me,' said Tom. But 'twas no such thing, for the little Redcap gave Tom Coghlan some charm or other, that he never failed to kill or to cure with whoever he took in hands, just like other doctors; and Tom became a great man, and made up a long purse, and gave good *larning* to his poor

children that he left crying at home after him the night he first met the fairy in the old fort. And one of them he made a priest of—and another a grand butter-merchant in Blarney lane—and the youngest son being ever and always a well spoken boy, he made him a counsellor—and his two daughters are well married—and Tom's wife is dead, and he's a happy man as can be."

CHAP. VI.

THE LAKE OF KILLBRAN.

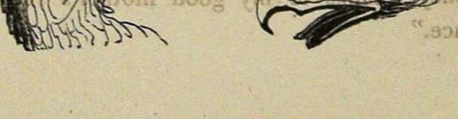
THIS is Monday morning; and now I have breakfasted, what's to be done? I'll see what the Gorham advises.

"Waiter, if Mr. Gorham is not particularly engaged, I should be glad to speak to him."

"He's just gone to look after the eagles in the yard, sir; but I'll go and tell him."

"No—stop, I'll go myself—I should like much to have a look at his pets—I remember Doolan mentioned them to me."

In the stable yard an hostler directed me to where these noble birds were; but I was misinformed as to Mr. Gorham's movements, for he was not there. However, I had sufficient employment for nearly an hour in making some studies from them in my sketch book—Here are two of the most characteristic.



On my return I found Mr. Lynch lolling upon the sofa in my room. The usual greetings over, he anticipated my question of what's to be done? by commencing as follows:—"You are now," said he, "pretty well acquainted with the kingdom of Kerry, and I suppose you intend shortly to take your departure; nevertheless, if not restricted by time, as you are a curious little body, there are one or two rambles which I wish to lead you; and though they may not be perhaps so interesting as those which you have already enjoyed, I think it right, considering your intended Guide Book, that you should see every thing, good and bad, as the Irish phrase runs, before you depart for the chalky cliffs of happy England. For instance, you have not seen the Park, in which there is a very pretty glen—there's the wild country too beyond the park, with the little Lake of Killbran, about which I have a story—the Glen of Ahahunnig—the Druidical Circle—and Labig Owen, or Owen's Bed, at Philadown, in Glanflesk."

"All which I am determined to see," said I, "not being restricted to time, or now as to money, thanks to my good mother's remittance."

"Well then, that being the case, I think we had better proceed at once."

"With all my heart—horses shall be at the door directly."

"Horses! what do you want horses for? No, no, you must make use of your legs to-day; and, certainly, I shall have no great opinion of Dr. Green's vapour bath, if you cannot venture on a day's walk."

"Be it as you will," said I, "but not a word against the vapour bath." And away we went along the Main street, till we reached its extremity; then turning to the right, we entered upon the Castle Island road.

"What deplorable cabins!" I exclaimed, as we passed a row of the most miserable dwellings I had ever beheld, and which stood a disgrace to Killarney.

"I wonder at you," said Mr. Lynch, with a smile, "to speak thus of Mrs. Falvey's freeholds. I assure you the fair owner is very partial to this property, having, I understand, rejected several very good offers made to her by Lord Kenmare, if she would only let these deplorable cabins, as you call them, be pulled down. But no, it would never do to destroy so many comfortable habitations; besides, what

would become of Killarney, if the inmates of these hovels were obliged to emigrate; alas, if that were the case, there would be a lamentable want of beggars in the town; for here dwell those kind hearted people who were the first to hail your arrival, and who will anxiously crowd to witness your departure."

Leaving Mrs. Falvey's freeholds and the hospital behind, we in a short time reached the entrance to Lord Kenmare's park, distant about half a mile from Killarney. The park is situated on one of those hills which rise behind the town, and is agreeably broken. It is richly wooded with ancient oaks; but its chief attraction is a romantic glen, through which rushes the Dinah, now cascading over dark rocky ledges, now brawling along its pebbly bed, and not unfrequently dimpling into little pools; while the woods at each side overhang, and frequently overarch the stream, which in some places appears to gush from their very branches. At each side of the stream there is a commodious walk, sometimes running close to the water, sometimes rising high above it. And from the bridge there is an agreeable view; for on looking down you behold the

stream brawling along till completely lost amid the woods. I was informed that this spot was formerly a place much resorted to by the towns-people; at that time there were rustic chairs and pavilions scattered through the glen, which was frequented by evening parties, who would here sip their tea and keep up the merry dance, to the astonishment of the startled deer, even until the moon rose upon their revels. But the place is now neglected; the walks are overgrown with grass and weeds, the seats, the pavilion, and even a wooden bridge, which once served for ornament and use, have disappeared—nay, the very deer have been banished, and the park is now undergoing a course of tillage.

From the glen, which is in the northern part of the park, we walked to the hill on the opposite side, at the summit of which there is a gate, dividing Mr. Cronin's portion of the park from that kept by Lord Kenmare in his own hands. We then strolled leisurely towards Mr. Cronin's, or, as it is usually called, the Park house.

Passing out of the park by the back gate, near Mr. Cronin's house, we found ourselves

on the old road leading to Kanturk, and along this we travelled, in order to reach the Lake of Killbran. There was nothing attractive in the country on either side, which consisted of coarse stony farms, that seemed to promise but a poor recompense to the hand of industry. After walking about a mile we turned off to the left, into a by-road, at a place where I remarked a rude stone-capped well, called the Spa of Tullig. From thence, proceeding about half a mile further, we passed a little wooded glen, or rather hollow, on the left hand side of the road, and shortly after reached the Lake of Killbran. This is a small lake, situated on a green height, from whence there is a wild prospect of a broken country, interspersed with bogs and valleys, till bounded to the north by the mountains, in the neighbourhood of Tralee. The land was remarkably barren and destitute of wood, except here and there a few trees scattered about the cabins of the peasantry, or where the fir plantations of Gleun a Heelah and Farm Lodge appeared—but these were as specks, compared with the extent of the landscape, and could therefore little affect the general character of barrenness.

"And is this," said I, "what you have brought me to see? Truly, I think we have had a most unprofitable journey."

"Come, that's not fair," returned Mr. Lynch, "I told you that you must take the good and the bad together; it was not for the sake of the prospect I brought you here, but merely because it is the scene of a legend with which I am acquainted. I believe that every lake in Ireland has some story attached to it; but the first notice I received of this was that there lived a big worm, as big as a colt, in Loch Bran. Having little else to do, I made a journey hither to inquire into the matter, and accosting the first countryman I met, asked him if there had not been a 'big worm' seen in the lake.

"'Oh then, sure enough there is one,' said he, 'as big as a *coult*, with a great bushy tail, that comes up out of the water sometimes; by the same token that Jerry Finigan was near being *kilt* by him; for he went for his *coult* in the gray of the morning, and was just putting the bridle on the big worm, when he broke away and ran into the lake. And of another time he was near killing a man, a cousin of my own—one Moriarty, who was ploughing near

the lake—a *quare* lake it is any how, and couldn't have been a lake always, for when the water is low you may see the remains of an *ould* ditch running across the bottom of it; and there was a big piece of timber found in it, with an auger hole bored through it; so I suppose there was people living there, till the flood came and *drownded* them.'

"Having made inquiries of this kind in various quarters, I at length succeeded in obtaining the best information which can be procured relative to the Lake of Killbran, and which I here beg leave to present you with.

"In the good old times there existed in Ireland a race of mortals, who, under the denomination of 'poor scholars,' used to travel from parish to parish, and county to county, in order to increase their stock of knowledge. These poor scholars were, for the most part, men of from twenty to five-and-twenty years of age; and as they were also agreeable, social fellows, who during their peregrinations had acquired a fund of anecdote, could tell a good story, and never refused to lend a helping hand in any business that was going forward, they

were received with a *caed mille faultha** at every farmer's house throughout the country, where they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased.

"It happened one evening in the month of July, that one of these peripatetics, a stout, platter-faced mortal, by name Darby O'Reily (the very same it was who invented the famous stone soup), made his appearance at the house of the widow Fleming, who dwelt not far from the old church of Kilcummin. Now, the widow Fleming, who since her husband's death had taken the entire management of a large farm upon herself, was very glad to see Darby O'Reily for a variety of reasons. In the first place, it was the hay harvest, and Darby would lend a helping hand, and keep the men in good humour at their work with his merry stories; then he could teach the children great A B C of an evening, and then she was a lone woman, and Darby was a pleasant companion, and an old acquaintance moreover. Whether this last idea was of deeper root than the others, is

* A hundred thousand welcomes.

not for me to say, but certain it is that Darby received on the present occasion more than a common welcome from the widow Fleming. After having partaken of the good cheer which the widow set before him in the greatest profusion, and having renewed his acquaintance with the inmates of the house, even to Darby the dog that was called after him, and the cat; he proposed to step down to the parish jighouse, just to shuffle the brogue with his old sweethearts, hear the news, and see how the neighbours were getting on, for it was near a twelvemonth since he had been in that part of the country. Now, whether it was the mention of sweethearts that disagreed with the widow, or whatever else might have been the cause, it is certain that she was much against Darby's going to the jighouse; but seeing that she could not with any decency or effect gainsay his intentions, she was obliged to assent, at the same time, however, warning him to be back early, and not to keep up the house. Away he went to the jighouse, where he found himself quite at home, and as welcome as the flowers of May. Fine fun he had of it, for the pipes played merrily up, while he

footed it bravely with the prettiest girls and best *moneen* jiggers in all the Barony. To speak the truth, he wasn't a bad hand at a jig himself, for there were few could equal him in the 'heel and toe' step, and then he put such life and spirit into his motions, that he made the house ring again with his grinding and the merry snap of his fingers. But your dancing is droughty work,—at least Darby O'Reily was of that opinion, although there was no fear of his dying for the want of a drop to drink; as he had news for the old, and stories for the young, till at last it was Darby here, and Darby there, and who but Darby? The soul of merriment, and the prince of good fellows, every one striving who should be the first to treat him, Darby soon became as comfortable as any gentleman could wish to be.

"But while Darby was drinking, and dancing, and making merry, he never remembered it was time to go home, or bestowed a single thought upon the widow Fleming's good advice, which was very ungrateful of him, considering the civil way she had behaved to him, and that she was even then herself sitting up waiting his return.

"The longest day will have an end, and the greatest merriment must at length give way to repose, as Darby found to his sorrow, when the party broke up, and he had to stagger away as well as he could. He was so much 'in the wind' that he didn't well know which way he was going, and as bad luck would have it, he went every way but the right; for instead of keeping the straight road, by way of making a short cut, he turned off through the fields, and after wandering about for as good as an hour, where should he find himself but in the old fort at Claunteens. A bad place it is to get into at the dead hour of the night, when the good people are going their rounds, and making merry, as Darby soon found; for though it was easy enough to get into the fort, he couldn't get out again for the life of him; it even appeared to him as if the fort had increased its dimensions to a boundless extent. He wandered up and down and round about for a long time without ever being able to get out, and was obliged at last to content himself where he was, so down he sat on a stone. 'There's small fun sitting on a *could* stone in the moonshine,' muttered Darby; 'and sure

it's a pitiful case to be bewitched by the fairies —the good people, I mean, and stuck fast in the middle of an *ould* fort; but there's no help for it, so what can't be cured must be endured.' No sooner had he come to this very wise conclusion, than he heard a most tremendous hammering under the very stone he was sitting on.

" 'O Darby!' cried he, 'what'll become of you now?'

" Plucking up his courage, he boldly took a peep beneath the stone, when, what should he see, but a Cluricaune sitting under a projecting ledge of what had been his seat, and hammering as hard as he could at the heel of an old shoe. Although Darby was very much afraid of the fairies, he wasn't a bit in dread of the Cluricaune; for they say, if you catch a Cluricaune and keep him fast, he'll show you where his purse is hid, and make a rich man of you. But it wasn't thinking of purses Darby was, for he'd rather be out of the fort than to get all the purses in the world. So when he saw the Cluricaune, it came into his head that may be he'd lend him a helping hand, for they say the little fellow is fond of a drop himself.

'Success to you, my boy, you are a good hand at a shoe any how,' said Darby, addressing himself to the Cluricaune.

"'Ah! Darby my jolly buck, is that you?' said the Cluricaune, getting up from his work, and looking him full in the face.

"'The very same, at your honour's *sarvice,*' answered Darby.

"'What brought you here?' said the Cluricaune, 'I'm thinking you've got yourself into a bit of a scrape.'

"'Fakes then, your honour, I'm thinking the very same,' said Darby, 'if your honour doesn't lend me a helping hand.' So he told him how he stopped at the widow Fleming's, how he went down to the jighouse, and being a little overtaken in liquor, how he wandered through the fields until he found himself in the old fort, and wasn't able to make his way out again.

"'You're in a bad case, Darby,' said the Cluricaune, 'for the good people will be here directly, and if they find you before them, Darby, they'll play the puck with you.'

"'Oh, murder!' cried Darby, 'I throw my life upon the heel of your honour's shoe.'

" 'Well,' said the Cluricaune 'you're a rollocking lad as ever tipped a can, and it's a pity any harm should ever come of taking a drop of good drink. So give me your hand, and I'll save you. And as you never did any hurt to me or mine, I'll do more than that for you, Darby. Here, take this charm, and you are made for ever, my man.'

" 'And what's the *nathur* of it?' said Darby, at the same time putting it into his right hand breeches pocket, and buttoning it up tight.

" 'I'll tell you that,' said the Cluricaune; 'if you only pin it to the petticoat of the first woman in the land, she'll follow you the wide world over; and that's no bad thing for a poor scholar.' So saying, the Cluricaune took him out of the fort, put him on the straight road, and wishing him success with the charm, burst into a fit of laughter and disappeared.

" 'Good riddance of you any how,—but 'tis an ugly laugh you have with you,' said Darby, as he made the best of his way to the widow Fleming's, who was in no great humour; and no wonder, to be kept up so late by such a drunken *bletherum* as Darby. Now, when he

saw the widow in a bit of a fret, 'Ho! by my *sowl*,' said he, 'I've the cure in my breeches pocket.' So with that he outs with the charm, and pinned it slyly to the widow's gown. 'I've charmed her now,' says Darby, 'if there's any truth in that little chap of a Cluricaune.' And certainly there was soon a wonderful change in the widow, who, from being as glum as a misty morning, became as soft as butter. So very careful was she of Darby, that, late as it was, she made down a good fire, lest he should be cold after the night, brought him a supper of the best the house could afford, and had as much *cooram* about him as if he was lord of the land. Darby grinned with delight at the success of his charm; but he was soon made to grin at the wrong side of his mouth, for the widow in the midst of her love chanced to discover the charm that was pinned to the tail of her gown.

"'What's this you've pinned to my gown, you rogue you?' said she, at the same time flinging it into the fire.

"'Botheration,' roared Paddy, 'I'm settled for now;' and no wonder he should roar, for the charm took instant effect; and the fire

jumped *holus bolus* after Darby, who made for the door, and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him. But if he did, the fire came after him, roaring and blazing, as if there were a thousand tar-barrels in the middle of it. Away he ran for the bare life, across the country, over hedge and ditch, for as good as two miles; neither stopping nor staying till he came to a deep well on a high farm, between Tullig and Gleun a Heelah, when who should he meet but his old friend the Cluricaune. 'Arrah Darby!' says the little fellow, 'you seem to be in a wonderful hurry; where are you going so fast, man, that you wouldn't stop to *spake* to an old acquaintance?'

"'Bad luck to you, you deceitful hop of my thumb,' said Darby; 'for sure it's all along of you and your charm that I'm in the neat way I am this blessed night.'

"'And that's my thanks for saving you from the good people,' says the Cluricaune. 'Very well, Mister Darby, there's the fire at your heels, and who's to save you now?'

"'O! thunder alive! sure you wouldn't be after *sarving* Darby that way.'

"'Well,' said the Cluricaune, 'I'll take

compassion on you this once; so here's my advice, leap into the well, and you'll be safe.'

"'Is it into the well you *mane*,' says Darby, 'why then do you take me for a fool entirely?'

"'O! you're a very wise man to be sure, seeing you're a scholar, Darby; so you may take your own way if you like, and welcome. Good night to you, Darby O'Reily,' said the spiteful little fellow, slapping his cocked hat on his head, and walking off with a most malicious grin. 'Good night to you, Darby O'Reily.'

"'Murder! murder!' shouted Darby, for by this time the fire had come so near that it began to scorch him; when seeing there was no alternative, and thinking it better to be drowned than burned, he made a desperate plunge into the well.

"Souse he went into the well, and souse went the fire after him. Immediately the water bubbled, sparkled, growled, and rose above the verge of the well, filling with the velocity of lightning all the adjacent hollow ground, until it formed one of those little sparkling lakes which are so numerous in this hilly country.

"Darby was borne with the speed of a whirlwind on the top of a curling billow, and cast senseless on the shore. The first thing he saw on awaking from his trance was the sun shining over him; the first voice he heard was that of the widow Fleming, who had travelled far and near in search of him; and the first word Darby uttered, upon thoroughly recovering himself, was, 'Bad luck to the good people, for sure 'tis they that have been playing tricks upon me all the night.' Then he up and told the widow Fleming and the neighbours the whole history of his night's adventure.

"'It's drunk you were, Darby, and you know it,' said the widow; 'you're a bad boy, Darby.'

"But whatever was the cause, whether Darby got the charm from the Cluricaune or not, it is certain that the widow Fleming not long after became Mrs. O'Reily, and that Loch Bran or the Lake of the burning Cole is to be seen to this day."

CHAP. VII.

AHAHUNNIG.

THE road from Killbran to Killarney is a continued descent; on our return we stopped for a few minutes at the Spa of Tullig, which as I have before said is a little stone-capped neglected mineral spring, situated on the side of the road, and having a rough furze-clad hill rising immediately behind it. Leaving the Spa, we crossed a little stream near it, through which at the same moment a woman was driving some cows; and as her figure afforded no bad illustration of the costume of the female peasantry, I was induced to transfer it to my sketch book. She was barefooted, and under her green stuff gown, which was carefully pinned up behind, appeared a red quilted petticoat. The bottom of her blue frieze cloak was thrown over her right shoulder in rather graceful folds, and her head was enveloped in its formally plaited hood. With a *kippen* or switch in her left hand she urged the cattle forward, singing a wild melody; while her right hand, placed

akimbo, served to balance the milk pail which she carried on her head.

We now regained the Kanturk road, and turning to the right entered a pass or hollow in the road formed by two hills which descended on either side. These hills were wild, heathy, and covered with furze; a few naked rocks were scattered through the hollow, and not unfre-

quently a patriarchal goat showed his reverend beard as he stood looking down in apparently philosophical contemplation on the travellers below. The streamlet which we had crossed made sweet music as it brawled along beneath the broad shadow of the hill, conveying an idea of coolness, doubly grateful from the consciousness that we were walking in a sultry autumnal day.

As we continued our course through the pass we had a fine view of the mountains, the Lower Lake reposing at their base, with a broken country, and the rich oak woods of the park, forming a beautiful foreground. On our descent we gradually lost sight of the lake, and arrived at Tiernabowl we could only see the tops of the woods and mountains, save where to the left Coltsman's Castle presented itself to view, backed by the mighty Mangerton, and the mountains of Loch Kittane and Glanflesk.

Tiernabowl is the name given to this district generally. Tierna signifies a lord or chief; bowl, according to the country people's translation, a spot or place. Hence Tiernabowl appears to imply the chieftain's seat. It was

formerly a lordship of the Mac Sweeny, and is still inhabited by many of that name; but a few miserable cabins by the road side, with some sheltering trees, are all that Tiernabowl can now boast of.

Instead of pursuing the road to Killarney, we turned off by a pathway to the left, for we had seen from Tiernabowl a hollow or glen which appeared worthy of being explored. Following this path, we had immediately beneath us a stony ravine, and bounding the eastern horizon appeared those singularly shaped mountains called the Paps. On reaching a farmhouse we descended into the Glen of Ahahunnig, and lost sight of every thing except the hills which immediately enclosed us.

The part of the Glen into which we had descended was rugged and uncultivated, having only an unequal covering of furze mingled with grey stones which lay scattered about the bottom, and were traditionally said to be the relics of fairy warfare. There was also here a want of correspondence in the sides of the Glen; the one sloping down, while the other fell suddenly to the verge of the brawling

stream, and exhibited a white gravelly surface, as if the soil had gradually crumbled away, and left it thus bare and abrupt.

Pursuing the course of the stream, or rather its bed, for like most hill-born streams it is nearly dry in summer, we entered the wooded part of the Glen. Near the commencement of the wood, which is of oak, sweeping at either side down to the stream, we observed one tree of a particular formation, and close to it a a large stone bearing the following nearly obliterated inscription :

"M SWY *(M'Sweeny)* TOOK ME FROM MY PLACE
MAY HE, LIKE ME, MEET DUE DISGRACE."

"Come Lynch," said I, "let me see how you can sketch—here's an easy subject for

you—that stone, with the general character of the tree—don't trouble yourself with the lesser branches.

"Yes, that will do very well indeed—you'll be a capital artist in time—I must have the sketch for my Guide Book."

"Much flattered truly," replied Mr. Lynch, "by your commendations—you really make me quite proud, but I assure you I am not a draftsman."

"Nor a poet, Lynch?"

"Oh, that is quite a different thing—but my sketch will at least show how well adapted the tree is for the purpose to which it was applied."

"Adapted for the purpose to which it was applied—Is this the gallows tree then?—You

mean '*Sus per Col*,' as such affairs stand upon official record—hanging, I suppose?'

"Well guessed," said Mr. Lynch, "though the Irish as a nation are not much given to the vice of suicide per strangulation, having sufficient of hanging matches at every assizes to satisfy the national curiosity on that point—yet this inscription and this tree remain in remembrance of rather a melancholy story."

"I should like to hear a melancholy story," said I, "above all things—pray make it as dismal as you can, for I see you are inventing."

"No! I give you my word," said Mr. Lynch, "I am not inventing, at least upon the present occasion. It was a long time before I could learn any thing concerning this tree and inscribed stone, although I had made repeated inquiries, till chance threw me in the way of an old man who related the tradition, which tradition together with the narrator have since nearly passed away from the memory of man. The Mac Sweenys were originally inhabitants of the north of Ireland. There were three chiefs of that name all descended from the O'Neils—viz. Mac Sweeny *Fànaide*, Mac Sweeny *Bàdhuine*, and Mac Sweeny-*na-*

dtuadh, or Mac Sweeny of the battle-axes. These chiefs were all of the same family. In the thirteenth century a party, headed by the two latter, made an adventuring excursion into Munster, where they joined in the feuds of the south, and becoming auxiliaries to the Mac Carthys of Muskerry and Carberry, acquired some disputed ground under these chiefs whom they servěd. From him of the battle axes the Mac Sweenys of Tiernabowl are descended."

"You are as good a genealogist Lynch, as Ulster himself."

"There is now no chieftain," continued Mr. Lynch "of the name in Kerry. The last chief of the Mac Sweenys many years ago inhabited a thatched farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Tiernabowl. A proud man he was of his descent, and though he had lost the greater part of his estates in the revolution of 1698, and was outlawed before the surrender of Limerick, he still managed to keep up the style and consequence of an Irish chief. The bard and the jester haunted his fireside; and crowds of idle followers, who knew no restraint but their lord's will, were ready to obey him.

In fact, under the command of Mac Sweeny, a formidable gang of freebooters, termed Rapparees from the half pikes or short sticks which they carried, sprung up, who devastated the country for miles around. And although plundering both the partisans of James and William, the security afforded by the woods, as well as the strength of Mac Sweeny's mountain fastnesses, rendered pursuit from either side after cattle or goods an idle task.

"One evening in the stormy month of November, the desperate dwellers in Tiernabowl were collected around a blazing turf fire, anxious for the return of their chief, who had gone the preceding night on some secret expedition, when suddenly above the sighing of the rising wind was heard the tramp of a horse.

"'Tis the *coppul duve*," exclaimed Gilla-roo, who was Mac Sweeny's confidential man, and who received his name from the long, matted red locks which overshadowed his weather-beaten countenance; ''tis the *coppul duve*, and here's the Mac Sweeny coming surely.'

"A shrill and well known whistle verified Gilla-roo's assertion, and instantly out rushed

the clansmen, each bearing in his hand a blazing torch of the dry and splintered bog deal. Great, however, was their wonder perceiving seated on his dark horse before th chieftain, the fair form of a maiden, who w consigned with few words to the rough guardianship of Gilla-roo.

"'Keep her safely," said Mac Sweeny 'when I was the lord of unproclaimed lands, the proud Margaret Barry rejected my suit— Now that I am a poor outlaw, with no grounc but what I stand on my own, she shall be min

"Before daybreak the following mornin Mac Sweeny departed from Tiernabowl the head of his retainers on a plundering ex cursion. It was his last, and few who accon panied him ever returned. Gilla-roo alon much to his dissatisfaction, was left behind t guard the fair captive—slight guard did s delicate and drooping a girl seem to require Gilla-roo was kind to her in his own rough way; he procured for her every comfort in his power, and permitted her to range the glen fatal permission! the second morning after the chieftain's departure, she was found suspendec

from this very tree, after having carved her malediction on the rock.

"It is said that on the eve of this event, the form of the ill-fated Margaret is seen flitting through the glen, and her voice has been heard, not after the wailing manner of the Banshee, but in shouts of triumphant laughter, which quicken the breath and curdle the blood of the hearer.

"Years have passed away—more than a century has elapsed, and the story is nearly forgotten. This tree and this stone alone remain as memorials of deeds and of days which the peasant no longer remembers, save when, perhaps, during the darkness of the night, he traverses the Glen of Ahahunnig, and piously crossing himself mutters a prayer for the repose of 'the White Maiden of Tiernabowl,' although in ignorance of her name and unfortunate history."

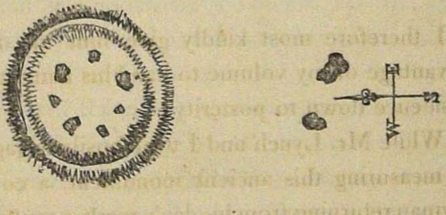
When Mr. Lynch had concluded his story, we arose to pursue our way through the glen; and though the golden light of a setting sun made its way through the interstices of the branches, and shot athwart our path, I almost expected to see the form of the White Maiden

emerge from some of the recesses of the wood. Issuing from the glen, we found ourselves close to the bridge of Ballycasheen on the Cork road.

"Suppose," said Mr. Lynch, as we stood on the bridge, "that instead of going direct to Killarney, we visit the Druids' Circle; it is not far from this, and there is yet sufficient daylight."

"With all my heart," said I; "my object is to see every thing."

From the bridge we ascended part of the hill, and turning into a field on the left hand side of the road, in a short time reached the object of our search. As a rough sketch will assist my description, here is one.



The Druids' Circle consists of a circular embankment, resembling those commonly called

in Ireland Danish Forts; within which are placed seven rude upright stones. These stones are about three and a half feet in height, are distant from each other about four feet and a half, and from the embankment twenty-five (this, as the reader will perceive, is not very accurately expressed in the sketch). The circumference of the area within the embankment is about one hundred and three feet. Thirty-six feet distant from the embankment on the southern side, and seven feet from each other, stand two upright stones of much larger dimensions than those within the circle. They are about twelve feet in circumference, and seven in height. On one of these some aspirant after fame has carved

"JOHN LEOPOLD CAMPBELL OF DUBLIN."

I therefore most kindly give him the full advantage of my volume to hand his name and residence down to posterity!

While Mr. Lynch and I were busily engaged in measuring this ancient monument, a countryman returning from his day's work, prompted I doubt not by curiosity, approached us.

"*De us Miragud* (God and the Virgin save you)," said he.

"*De us Miragud agus Espadrig* (God and the Virgin, and St. Patrick save you)," replied Mr. Lynch, which is more than many other conscientious Protestants would have said, for abhorring all such idolatrous invocations, they usually answer the common salutation of "*De us miragud*," with "*Ge moo Dea lat*," that is, God be with you. Mr. Lynch, however, was not quite so scrupulous, and his reply was the more agreeable to our visiter, who quickly began to talk without restraint.

"Why then," said he, "them are *quare* stones sure enough, and it's a wonder how they came here; they must have been very strong men that could lift them, any how."

"That's very true, indeed," said Mr. Lynch, "but did you ever hear any old story about them? I suppose it must have been the giants who lived in Ireland long ago, that brought them here."

"Why then that's the very thing that's said about them, surely; but myself believes they were *rale* people, who was enchanted by Donald Egeelagh, that lives in Loch-lane."

"Indeed! and how was that?" said I.

"Your honour must know then, that a long time ago, there was two giants you see, and

they had seven sons, and these two big stones are the giants, and the seven little ones are their *childer*, and they thought to conquer the country and *bate* all before them, so they made war upon Donald Egeelagh (Daniel of the lake), who lived down at Ross there—a mighty great prince he was, and a great enchanter; so when he couldn't get the better of the giants and their seven sons by fair fighting, he went to his enchantments, and turned them into stones, and here they are from that day to this. It's myself wouldn't believe a word of it, if it wasn't that Tim Mulcahy swore (and sure he wouldn't *sware* to a lie), that as he was passing by late at night of a May eve, what should he see, but the two big stones turned into giants again, and the seven little ones that are their *childer* dancing like any thing round and round in the middle of the fort. And sure there's something *quare* in the looks of them for stones; there was a *jantleman* once came *axing* myself about them, and when I showed them to him, he said they were the very things he wanted, for he saw them all the ways from the top of a big church in the city of *Room*, and sure how could he do that if there wasn't enchantment upon them?"

"Very fair reasoning certainly," said Mr. Lynch; "but as it is growing late we must bid you good bye,—stay, here's a trifle to drink our healths."

"Och, by the powers, and it's I'll do that same cleverly, and success to your honour; and may you and yours never want by night or by day, but have all sorts of luck and *fortin.*"

The last red streak of light was fading away from the western sky, as we entered the town of Killarney; and that had again given place to the sober gray of twilight, as we re-established ourselves in Gorham's comfortable parlour.

No lamps, as in London, arose twinkling along the street, each after each giving its gaseous star to view, at the magical touch of the lamplighter. The only lamps Killarney can boast of are the two which grace the rival inns. They indeed shine unrivalled, and by their light, as we looked from the parlour window, might be discovered various groups of boatmen and others, recounting the toils, the gains, and the adventures of the day; by the rays of Gorham's lamp, I observed my old crew in close consultation.

"I wonder what the fellows are at!" said I to Mr. Lynch, "no good, I am certain." But

all wonder was soon put an end to by Doolan, who, perceiving us at the window, approached hat in hand, with—" Thunder alive! your honour, only think of the mistake we made in not christening a rock for your honour, that it might ever and always have your honour's name upon it. Why, then, that was a mistake and a half sure enough; but it's no matter, for better late than never; and there's Murphy (Father Murphy they calls him, for 'tis he christens the islands) says it will do as well now, and that he'll engage to christen a rock after your honour."

" As to a rock being christened after me, Doolan, my honour is really very indifferent about that honour; Crofton Croker Island being already quietly established in the north channel of Lake Huron, thanks to my worthy friend, Captain Bayfield. But I understand your application—all christenings are accompanied by merry-making, so here's a crown towards the purchasing whiskey. And now I have a right to ask how the ceremony is performed."

" Why, then, I'll tell you that, sir—but, sure, wherever else you may have an island, you have

not one at Killarney, where, above all places in the wide world, you ought; so the next time we go out on the lake, you see, we'll take Murphy with us, because why he'll be the priest; and when we come to the rock or island that's to have your honour's name upon it, then Father Murphy will stand up, and say, 'In nomine oculi mei atque Betty Martini oculi, I call you Croker's Island;' with that he'll throw a bottle of whiskey *agin* it, then a shot will be fired, and we'll all give three shouts for Croker's Island; then we'll land and drink your honour's health; and that's the way we christens the islands*."

* I cannot resist making a long extract from "poor Anne Plumptre's" Tour in Ireland, that lady having been actually present at a Killarney christening.—"Several islands," writes Miss Plumptre, "were pointed out to me by the names which they bore, some others were not particularized; and inquiring what their names were, I was told they had none.—'How happens that?' I asked. They did not know; the others had been named by different parties visiting the lakes, and nobody had had the fancy to give them names; if I had no objection, they should like very much to name one after me: then pointing to a rock very near us, they said, that had no name, we might land and christen it. I would not, however, permit my name to be given, as the habit of the world has been ever to pronounce it as if it were a plum-

"And a very good way it is, Doolan—wishing you much pleasure at the christening, I now wish you good night."

"And a very good night to your own honour," returned Doolan, "and long life to you."

"He forgot to tell you," said Mr. Lynch, who had remained silent during this audience, "that there is one rock in the Upper Lake which has been christened a thousand times after as many people; so, you see, you are not very likely to establish your name among the rocks of Loch Lane. Miss Plummer was far more fortunate."

tree; I was sure that the island would never be called any thing but Plum-tree Island; and a tradition would soon be affixed to it, that it was once covered with plum-trees. I therefore declined being godmother, at least so far as giving my own name to it was concerned; but the men seemed to have a great desire that it should be christened, and begged that I would give it some name, any that I fancied. 'Very well,' I said; 'it shall be called Kean's Island, after Mr. Kean the great actor.' Oh they had often heard of him; they should like that name exceedingly; they wished he would come to Killarney. We landed then; it was a pretty rock, with some arbutuses and other shrubs and plants growing upon it; the people were all ranged in a circle, in the midst of which the bugle horn-player, who I found was the established clergyman upon these occasions, came forward in the proper formulary, in a jargon of English,

"Miss Plummer," said I, "should be, I fancy, Miss Plumptre—to be sure, there is no use in arguing against popular names, yet allow me to tell you my reasons for venturing this conjecture. If you have read that lady's quarto"—

"I never read quartos," said Mr. Lynch.

"Well, I, who have read it, can inform you that Miss Plumptre gives an account of the naming of an island or rock after Mr. Kean."

"And what of that?"

"Now I am coming to the point—for which said Miss Plumptre most good-naturedly paid

Irish, and Latin, perfectly unintelligible to me; then applying to me as godmother, I gave the name, which he repeated with the addition of a little more jargon; and the ceremony was concluded with throwing down upon the rock a bottle of whiskey, which was dashed to pieces. This part, I own, surprised me not a little; I should never have expected to see a bottle of whiskey thus disposed of; but the island they all said would not have been regularly christened without it. Now, they added, it could never have any other name than Kean's Island, and as such it would be pointed out to all future navigators on the lake. I should like much to know whether it ever has been so to one. The conclusion was, a hope that the crew might have a bowl of punch, when they got home in the evening, to drink the godmother's health. I then perfectly understood the general eagerness for the christening."

the piper, by treating the boat's crew. I have no doubt this was done in a liberal manner, and that the island in question has gone by her name, mispronounced Plummer, instead of Mr. Kean's. I am further confirmed in my conjecture, from not finding Miss Plummer's enumerated in any list of the islands which had been published before the appearance of Miss Plumptre's book—look, for instance, at that in the Postchaise Companion through Ireland, where it is not."

"All this is very important," said Mr. Lynch, "as you doubtless will make a page out of it in your Guide Book—but it is growing late, and I must depart—remember that to-morrow we set out for Loch Kittane and Philadown, and shall probably spend a night in the glens."

CHAP. VIII.

LOCH KITTANE.

In pursuance of our intention of visiting Loch Kittane and Philadown, having furnished ourselves with every thing necessary, we left Gorham's on foot early in the morning, and took the road which leads to Mucruss. As this route has already been sufficiently described, I shall merely say that the road to Loch Kittane turns off to the left, exactly opposite the abbey gate, having a farm house on its left, and on its right the hill of Killagy, easily recognised by the little tower which rises from the burial ground on the summit.

We, however, did not proceed so far as the abbey gate, but a short way beyond the carriage entrance to Castle Lough, turned off by an old neglected road, termed a Bohereen. In this matter I merely followed the guidance of Mr. Lynch, and I have no reason to regret my passiveness on the occasion, as by so doing I had a magnificent view of the Lower Lake. This was obtained by leaving the road and

gaining a hill, a movement, to use the military phrase, accomplished without the loss of ground. Immediately beneath us lay Castle Lough Bay, with the wide stretch of water extending from thence to the opposite mountain of Glenà. To the south was the wooded and varied peninsula of Mucruss, behind which towered the pointed Turk, stretching away to the Eagle's Nest, with here and there a glimpse of the Middle Lake at its base. And in the distance appeared Macgillicuddy's Reeks and the giant mountains of the Upper Lake. To the north was seen the woods of Castle Lough, Cahirnane, and Ross Island. The western portion of the lake did not from this point of view present so wide a sheet of water as the eastern, because Innisfallen and the Brown Island, appearing like a continuation of Ross, stretched far into the lake, narrowing its waters, and giving this division rather the appearance of a large winding river than part of a wide-spreading lake. On the northern shore might be discerned Grenagh and Lakefield, backed by the woods of Mieniska, the hill of Aghadoe, and the distant mountains of Castlemain and Tralee, which, from the haze of an autumnal

day, it required a keen eye to discover. The whole formed, as prospect-hunters would say, as fine a view as can well be imagined.

Extent is somehow always confounded with picturesque beauty, when applied to the landscape by writers who are not artists. I know just sufficient of art to save me from making the assertion; but I will be equally candid, and confess that the woods, the mountains, and the works on Ross Island—the contrast between rude nature and green cultivated fields—the lake, now broad and unbroken, save by a few gem-like islands, and now narrowed to the dimensions of a river—now sweeping into magnificent bays, and now presenting a long unbroken line of richly wooded coast—while over the whole was shed the cloudy effects of autumn—now a tender streak of light glancing along the waters—the waves now leaping in dazzling brightness, and now rippling down into darkness and repose. All these varied objects and effects gave me so much delight, that I felt little regret at the slight progress I had made in the knowledge of art, if art indeed could make me look without admiration on a scene like this.

Turning to the east, we had before us a wild country, and close to us, in a hollow of the hill, a little heart-shaped lake, called Lough Ardagh, remarkable only for the profusion of camomile which grew on its borders.

Descending the southern side of the hill, we gained the road to Loch Kittane, which we had not long pursued before our attention was arrested by a busy hum, proceeding from a cabin on the road side; and we soon discovered it to be what is commonly called a hedge school or Kerry college.

Although not a Belzoni in stature, by dint of stooping only I contrived to gain admittance among the busy inmates; and upon my entrance the hum of the students rehearsing their lessons increased to such a marvellous degree, that I could scarcely hear, or cause to be heard, the salutation which I addressed to the dread ruler of this learned abode. Mr. Lynch followed me, although on his part it required a much more considerable exertion, in the way of depression, to gain admittance; but once within, there was ample room for the tallest man beneath the thatched roof which rose from the low mud

walls. This roof displayed, stuck between its "*scraghs and thievanes*," an ample stock of coverless Vosters, copy books, slates, and gray goose quills, with two or three pendent racks, made of the branchy fir, for the benefit of such pupils as had either caps or hats to hang upon them. The interior of the whole cabin wore a black lackered appearance, conferred upon it by the smoke of many a winter's fire, the hearth for which stood beneath a huge vent, occupying the full breadth of one of the gables. At each side of the door was a little window about a foot square. But, on the whole, Mr. Casey's college was rather a respectable edifice of the description; for it could boast two real deal forms, and instead of turf benches there were three fir spars placed along the wall, each end supported by stones, in order to elevate the students to a comfortable sitting height. There was, moreover, a table for the use of writers and cipherers. Of all these accommodations Mr. Casey seemed not a little proud, as he sat enthroned on a rush-bottomed chair, which he facetiously termed his "Sanctum Sanctorum."

"Whisht there, will ye, *by's*, and let the

gentlemen *spake*," roared Mr. Casey, at the same time flourishing his rod of power, by way of enforcing his commands.

"You have a good school, Mr. Casey, and very well attended," said Mr. Lynch.

"Why, I may say, there's worse to be found elsewhere, though 'tis I that say it, that shouldn't say it; but 'tis nothing to *spake* about now to what it is in the winter, because why the *by's* are minding the harvest and herding the cattle on the mountains; 'tis the busy time now, and their *faders* and *muders*, God help them, can't spare the *childer* from the work to the *larning*."

"I dare say some of your scholars are pretty far advanced," said I.

"You will see, sir, in a minute—Come up here, you Murty Murphy, and bring your *Voshter wid* you; do you hear me now I'm *spaking* to you?"

Up came Murty, Voster in hand, a carroty-pated boy, dressed in a loose frieze coat, sheep-skin breeches open at the knees, and having neither shoes nor stockings, to conceal a pair of well mottled shins, the effects of his chimney corner cogitations.

Having heard Murty, with a rich brogue, go

through a sum in the Rule of Three Direct, we bade farewell to Mr. Casey and his college, though strongly urged by him to remain for the *rāding*, *spilling*, and even for the abecederians.

"Och," said he, "Murty's nothing to be proud about to my little abecederians; they're *rale genuses*, every mother's *sowl* of them, in their way."

"Mr. Byrne was a man
Of very great big knowledge, sir,"—

hummed Mr. Lynch, as we proceeded on our way.

"Oh, that's Spillane's song," said I, "do you know it, Lynch?"

"I remember part of it," replied Mr. Lynch, "but you've put me out, so I'll come to the chorus, and try if I can give you a verse or two.

"Oh, the master by the fireside,
With Paudeen on his knee,
Both roaring out together
Great A B C.

"And now what's next?"

"Great A he discompared
To a cabin's gable end, sir;
And B it stood for butter,
That we to market send, sir;
C for half a griddle,
H, the great big haggard gate, sir,
I, a pitchfork stuck in the ground,
And K it stands for Kate, sir."

"Shall I give the dialogue which follows à la Mathews?" inquired Mr. Lynch.

"Oh, by all means."

"Here, *by's*, shake a grain of straw along the wall for the little girls to sit on—throw your turfs in the corner—and bring over my stool here close to the fire. I thought I'd *tould* you before, Felix, to bring a sod of turf every morning?—Sit down, sir,—sit down, I say, on the floor along with the rest and get your lesson, and don't let me see you near the fire all this blessed day. Now, *by's*, what are you after?—Silence!—*A-b* ab; *b-a-g* bag—Silence!—Jem Dogherty, whip the door off the hinges and clap it on this row of sods—there now, borrow a bit of chalk from Kernahan, till I write a large hand copy—hum buzz—ba, be, bi, bo, bu, buzz—Terry Flanagan, come over here—Arrah, why but you come, sir, when I bid you?—See here, spell me this word—Con-stan-ti-no-ple—*By's*, that's the name of the grand Turk!—See what it is to know navigation—I don't suppose there's a man in the barony, barring myself and the priest, could tell you who Constantinople is!"

"Bravo, Lynch, bravo!"

"Upon my word you're welcome;
Pray what kept you till now, sir?
Indeed it was my father,
He sent me for the cow, sir.
I would have brought you some fresh eggs,
But the hens they were not laying.
Go long—sit down—I'll beat you well,
For I know you have been playing.

"What have you been about this morning?—Where's your book?—take off your hat, you dunce, take it off—stand up in the corner—keep your fingers out of your mouth—Ah, you dog, I'll flog you first, and then cut the *sowl* out you after, so I will—how dare you mitch from school?—What kept you, I say?—Sir, it was——Silence in a moment; how dare you, sir, say a word when I'm *spaking?* Och, I'll let your father know the courses you carry on in——Sir, it was my mother bid me say she'll be much obliged to you to come over at dinner time.—Put on your hat, Paddy, you're a well reared boy, and I'll make a man of you—Oh your mother, Paddy, is the woman that will have luck. Tell her I'll be there as strict as if it was a *binch* warrant—take care how you go across the river, it's very deep—O you'll be a bishop yet, Paddy; it'll be seen who taught you.

"So when I'm late for school,
The excuse 'twill be my mother, sir;
And when that one won't do,
I'll try and make another, sir.
For my mother is a good man,
And so, sir, is my daddy O—
And 'twill not be my fault
If I'm not their own Paddy O.

"And how did you get home yesterday, Pat dear? and how is all your very good father's family?—Come here now, and let me see how you'll read this little story.—A boy w-e-n-t went out one day to rob birds' nests, but he had not g, gone far w-h-e-n when he met a l-i-t lit, t-l-e til (that's 'little,' Paddy) met a little girl—Ay, Paddy, mind that; if he had been going to school that would not have happened him—Stick to your book, Paddy, and take care you meet no little girls—met a little girl with a jug——That's my pointer—Stand over there and let me see the fire—No, I won't—Silence there, silence, I say, or I'll be the death of ye all—buzz—buzz—hum."

"Well done, Lynch!—an excellent picture, by my word, of a Kerry college!"

The road leading to Loch Kittane runs along the base of Mangerton, having that mountain on the right, with the Devil's Punch bowl and the Glen of the Horse. The foreground is composed of rock and heath, and was covered with numerous flocks of goats. The country to the left of the road consists of dreary bogs and extensive heaths; here and there, indeed, an attempt at cultivation appears; and in such places the wretched fields are surrounded by walls of the loose gray stones which had been collected from the surface, while frequently a considerable portion of the fields themselves

were occupied by large heaps of the same kind. Sometimes, however, a round cultivated swell, and a secluded green hollow, would show themselves amid the unprofitable waste by which they were surrounded. The road, nevertheless, was tolerably romantic; and with the assistance of Mr. Lynch's song, I found sufficient to amuse and interest me, until we reached the shore of Loch Kittane, at that point where the river, emerging from its north-western extremity, proceeds to join the Flesk, which after many a winding, and receiving many tributary streams in its course, discharges its waters into the Lower Lake of Killarney.

Loch Kittane, at the distance of about four or five miles to the south-east of Killarney, is situated in a nook formed by the mountains of Mangerton and Crohane. In size it is nearly the same as the Middle Lake of Killarney, that is, if the various bays and indentations of the latter are left out of the account. Loch Kittane can boast of but one small island, and its greatest sweep of water seems to run from south-east to north-west. Its northern shore consists almost entirely of bog, but it is a bog which might easily be improved; in the north-

eastern corner, on rising ground, is a cultivated farm, which, though in any other situation it would hardly be noticed, yet here, from the contrast between it and the surrounding shores, has an agreeable effect. The western shore is also a cultivated hill, but the eastern and southern boundaries are entirely rocky and precipitous mountains, except to the south-east, where a rugged glen, called Kippoch, runs for a short distance between the mountains of Crohane and Mangerton; his glen is partially cultivated, and contains a few cabins, but the irregular outline of the mountains which back it is highly picturesque.

In the course of our ramble round the lake, we entered a cabin in Kippoch, in search of legendary lore, and here we found only a little boy: his father and mother, he said, were gone to Killarney; and from the extreme caution of his answers, and the difficulty of extracting any information from him, I verily believe that he took us for tithe proctors, collectors of church rates, or excisemen.

"Is the ground good here?" inquired Mr. Lynch.

"I don't know," was the reply; certainly the question was rather a suspicious one.

"Do you keep many cows?"

"I don't know."

"Are there any blackberries here?" (we had observed a great profusion of them.)

"I don't know."

"Have you a head on your shoulders?"

"Eagh!"

"Did you ever hear of a big worm in the lake?"

This question seemed to rouse the boy a little; I suppose from the natural desire we all feel to deal in the marvellous.

"The worm is it, fakes then sure enough, there is a big worm in the lake."

"How large is it?"

"Why then, it's as big as a horse, and has a great big mane upon it, so it has."

"Did you ever see it?

"No, myself never *seed* the *sarpint*, but it's all one, for sure Padrig a Fineen did."

"And where does Mister Fineen live?"

"Beyond there in Kippoch, where the trees are."

On this intelligence, we set off for Mister Fineen's dwelling, to which the trees were a sure guide, as there were no others in the neighbourhood, and even these did not muster to more than half a dozen, in the immediate neighbourhood of a couple of cabins.

Arrived at Mr. Fineen's, we found two smoky cabins, inhabited by as many families; a parcel of children were playing in the dirt before the door of one of them, and the youngest of the group was rolling about among the pigs on some wet litter, in a state of nature.

Mister Fineen was absent; but his better half, a fresh looking country wench, informed us that he had never seen any such thing as a worm or *sarpint*, but that once upon a time, and a very good time it was, he thought he saw something like a dog or a *quare baste* rolling in the water.

Disappointed in our expectations, we were about to retire, when the owner of the next cabin stepped forward and—and what? I suppose the reader thinks and told us a story—he did no such thing.

What then? he stepped forward and most hospitably offered us potatoes, and butter, and eggs, and milk, which invitation, let me tell you, among the classic mountains of Kerry is not to be refused. Here is the group as we entered the cabin.

I shared the potatoes of hese poor people with an appetite and a relish, which could such matters be purchased were worthy of attention.

"Now, Lynch, I'll try an Irish love song:

While you my fair the *praties* peel
With irresistless art,
Alike I smile—alike I feel
Thy nails within my heart.

The smoking *praty*'s doom'd to know
That soon its pangs will end,
While I alas—alas—alas—

I have broken down."

"No more vaunting now, if you please," said Mr. Lynch, "over 'the grand master.'"

A shilling given to one of the children by Mr. Lynch (I think he selected the hero of the potato pot to be the receiver of his liberal donation), called down upon us a hundred thousand blessings from these poor people.

"Such a world of thanks, and wishes, and blessings," said I, "that seem to come so from the heart, is cheaply purchased, Lynch, by that sovereign."

"A sovereign! It may be very well for you London folk to talk thus! but you seem to forget that I am a poor half-pay creature, and know the value of a sovereign! I gave the urchin a shilling, and most liberal payment it was. None was expected, and I was therefore obliged to make our acknowledgments accept-

able in the shape of a gift to the youngest child, to whom I should have given sixpence instead of a shilling had I happened to have one in my pocket; that is, you know, double a Kerry bank note."

"You do not mean to say that you have threepenny bank notes?"

"Not at present," replied Mr. Lynch, "but such things have been, as I can prove to you on our return to Killarney."

The appearance of Loch Kittane, from its proximity to the mountains, is in general dark; and not unfrequently the mountain breeze lashes its waters into foam, and sends them in thundering waves against the shores; like all lakes, it is sometimes calm and bright, but whether calm or stormy, it is a romantic spot, and wants but the fostering hand of man to render it delightful. For the tasteful angler, Loch Kittane has many attractions, being, in addition to its situation, well stored with excellent trout. Its chief fault is the total absence of wood on its banks; if trees were added, Loch Kittane would be highly romantic; for during our circumambulation, we discovered many a fairy nook, where Mr. Lynch would fain have

built a picturesque cottage, and have taken up his abode. On this subject he grew quite poetical, as the following verses will testify.

Loch Kittane! Loch Kittane! amid dark mountains
pillow'd,
Where Mangerton meets with the hill of Crohâne,
Whether sleeping in peace, or by mountain breeze bil-
low'd,
Still dear to my heart is the lone Loch Kittane.

For oft by its shores have I wander'd alone,
Or reclined 'mid the heather, bright springing around,
Where the hum of the wild-bee came joined with the tone
Of streamlet and wave, in one musical sound.

Then magical fancy has framed me a bower,
Far down in the hollow of rocky Kippoch,
A home of the heart! where no storm-cloud should lower,
Save that which pass'd over the breast of the Loch—

But the calmer to leave, and more peacefully clear
The ripples that circle its one little isle,
As though the storm frown'd but the more to endear
The peace and the sunshine which lights up its smile.

More bright and more beauteous a spot there may be,
Than the wild lake where Mangerton meets with
Crohâne;
But none that are brighter or dearer to me,
Than the rock-pillow'd wave of the lone Loch Kittane.

CHAP. IX.

PHILADOWN.

"GLEN—a valley, a vale, space between two hills," so says the dictionary. Now whether the aforesaid sage authority be right or wrong, I care not a jot: whether a valley, a vale, and a space between two hills are one and the same; whether a glen is a valley, a valley a vale, or a space between two hills both valley, vale, and glen; or whether a space between two mountains may signify the same as a space between two hills, are points which I leave to the decision of quibbling and word-ferreting critics.

But one thing is certain, and that is, that at present I have nothing to do with any word but glen. From this, however, arises the question as to what are the ideas attached to, or conveyed by, the aforesaid word? Does not the reader feel a thousand, nay, ten thousand romantic associations floating through his brain at the very sound of the word glen? Are there not immediately torrents foaming, mountains

ascending, green knolls smiling, and dark woods waving? to say nothing of verdant hollows, terrific chasms, deep recesses, frowning cliffs, murmuring rivulets, sheltered farms, and flower-covered cottages. Are not all these pretty words mingling in glorious confusion, floating and flitting before your mind's eye at the mention of a glen? besides sundry ideas of peace, sunshine, rusticity, love, and poverty, with other things, or ideas of things, too tedious at present for particular mention. If this is not the case with you, "gentle reader," as Mr. Lynch would say, I envy not your poetical powers. But as I have nothing whatever to do with poetry at present, I may as well proceed at once to the glen of the river Flesk, commonly called Glanflesk, in which is situated the cliff of Philadown, containing the famous Labig Owen, or Owen's Bed.

Commencing, therefore, as I ought to have done before, with the conclusion of the last chapter; I must acquaint those, who are desirous of further information, that before Mr. Lynch had finished his rhymes, we had left their subject Loch Kittane behind us, and

were proceeding at a good pace towards Philadown.

After pursuing for some time a hilly road along the base of the mountains, commanding to the left a view of a coarse broken country, such as might be expected in a land of hills, we came in sight of the ruins of Killaha castle, built by one of the O'Donoghue's, the ancient chiefs of Glanflesk. Passing this castle, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, we descended to the lower or main road leading from Killarney to Glanflesk. Until the new line by the Upper Lake was made, this was the only road by which a carriage could proceed from Killarney to Kenmare, a distance of about twenty-four miles. The new line now supersedes the old road so far as Kenmare is concerned, but nevertheless, the latter promises to be much travelled, as a cross road is making from Glanflesk to Macroom, which will shorten the distance from Killarney to Cork about seven miles. Be this as it may, turning to the right we began to enter the glen, and had not advanced far, before we met a smart, olive-complexioned little man, dressed

in a black coat, blue trowsers, and an oilskin covered hat, vulgarly termed "a glazier."

"How do you, doctor?" said Mr. Lynch.

"Quite well, I thank you, and how is every inch of yourself? is it to Philadown you're going?"

"The very place, doctor; you'd guess eggs if you saw but the shells. Will you accompany us to Labig Owen?"

"I have no objection."

"That's well said, my little doctor, for as you are potent in the glens, your friendly aid and countenance may be of service to us."

The doctor proved a very entertaining companion, possessing the free and easy manners of an untravelled Irish gentleman, and making but little professional display, except when now and then as we advanced up the glen, he would discover his knowledge of simples, by adverting to the plants which we met on our way, especially if any of the natives happened to be present. Doubtless the doctor had often relieved the inhabitants of the glen from the effects of shilelagh and whiskey, and they, in return, evidently regarded him as a second

Galen. Certain it is, that we were indebted for a great deal of attention to the respect our companion was held in by the country people.

We had not proceeded far, before our notice was attracted by a pair of shelties, saddled and bridled, standing before the door of a wretched hovel, from the eave of which were suspended the neck of a broken bottle, and a sod of turf; the one intended to inform the traveller that here he might regale himself with a draught of Irish nectar, and the other that he might also be accommodated with that fragrant plant commonly called tobacco.

"What say you, doctor, to some mountain dew?" inquired Mr. Lynch.

"Faith, I'm not particular," replied the doctor. "But I think a drop may not be amiss to your friend. May I prescribe for you, sir?" said he, bringing a very good-humoured smile to bear full upon me.

I stammered out something, I really forget what, or whether it was meant for yes or no; but while we were debating the matter, a tall middle-aged man, with a sun-burnt visage, stepped forth from the hut and stood erect

before us. He had evidently been sacrificing to the rosy god, and like the generality of his countrymen, in proportion as his head became confused by whiskey, his heart dilated with love and friendship.

No sooner did he spy the doctor, who had been making sundry movements to avoid the recognition, than with three gigantic strides, such as would not have disgraced O'Donoghue himself, he at once enclosed him in a firm embrace.

"Arrah then, *docture*, is it yourself? 'tis myself then that is right glad to see you up the glen. May be you'd be going to Philadown now—but you'll be after stepping into the Cabra and taking a drop first, and then 'tis I'll go with you myself, and get you a ladder, and show it all to the *jantlemen* sure."

In vain did we protest against accompanying him into the hut. "Sure I'm an O'Donoghue," was the reply, "and my foot is in the glen." There was no resisting this speech; at least we thought so, and submitted quietly.

If the outside of this hovel wore a miserable appearance, the interior was much worse, affording between its low, damp, mud walls just

room enough for three or four wassailers, and the withered, smoke-dried beldam, who superintended their orgies, and dealt out the inspiring potion. The hearth displayed just fire sufficient to light a pipe, and fill the hut with smoke, which after gracefully curling about the heads of those within, made exit through the door and a hole in the roof, for chimney was there none.

"In Ireland so frisky, with sweet love and whiskey,
We manage to keep care and sorrow aloof;
At our whirligig revels, make all the blue devils
Creep out with the smoke through a hole in the roof."

The love and friendship of Mister Daniel O'Donoghue, which would have overwhelmed us with whiskey, being in some degree appeased, we departed, but not before the said O'Donoghue had insisted on our mounting the shelties we had seen at the door.

It was fortunate for us that we did not linger, for scarcely were we out of sight of the hut, when such discordant shouts and yells rent the air, that to speak classically—the furies appeared to have broken loose.

"What can this mean?" said I to Mr. Lynch, "these shouts—hark! they approach us—something desperate is going forward."

We pulled up—unable to assign any satisfactory cause for the fearful sounds which assailed our ears, and seemed to proceed from the peaceful spot which we had left but a few moments before.

"The robbing thieves of the world," muttered O'Donoghue. "Well, we are out of the matter quietly—thank goodness," said the doctor.

"The spillers of decent men's drink—the *ruinaters* of the country; never welcome them among us," continued O'Donoghue; "but 'tis the boys of the glen that have a heart and a hand, and that knows how to *sarve* such like fellows out any day of the year. *Hurrōō*, here they come, or they'll catch it."

"Silence!" exclaimed the doctor, as two unfortunate excisemen, with old cavalry sabres clattering at their sides, appeared in full view, riding for their lives from a shower of stones, the carcases of dead animals, and even pitchforks, which were hurled after them by an infuriated crowd of peasants.

On perceiving us, instead of coming towards where we stood, being perhaps uncertain whether we were friends or foes, the poor hunted excisemen turned off the road and were soon out of sight as well as their pursuers, who, perceiving they could not overtake them, cut across by a mountain path with the view of intercepting their retreat from the glen.

"What business have the likes of them in the glen at all?" said O'Donoghue. "Sure then 'tis *quare* laws that won't let the poor lone widow sell her drop of potteen in *pace*

and quietness. But 'tis the boys of the glen that have both hearts and hands, and will be after making all scheming blackguards like them fellows, think twice before they come among them *agin*."

"I agree with my worthy friend the doctor," said Mr Lynch, "in thinking that we are well out of this affair—and now suppose we move forward."

Glanflesk is a long valley, through which deep and sullen flows the Flesk; its banks are divided into fields of oats and potatoes, with meadow and grazing ground, having here and there a cabin, and sometimes a nest of cabins at the foot of the hills. The hills themselves, which rise from, and hem in the valley at either side, are bare, rocky, and rugged, without altitude sufficient to give them sublimity, or brokenness of outline sufficient to render them picturesque, and having neither tree nor shrub to grace their sides. The road winds along the base of these hills, sometimes nearing the bank of the river, and sometimes receding from it, thereby leaving space for the fields already mentioned. At the opposite side of the river, the space between it and the hills is

somewhat wider, and is called "the Inch," as all level ground near a river is termed in Ireland. The Inch of Glanflesk is divided into upper and lower. The hills at the opposite side of the river from the road, exhibit in some places comfortable farms, and verdant spots, snatched as it were from the wilderness around. Yet, notwithstanding this untempting description, the glen is not entirely without charms for the tourist. He will sometimes meet with grotesque masses of rock, and sometimes be astonished at the shivered fragments, which strew the sides of the hills. As he travels along, he will be amused by gazing upwards at the fearless goat browsing far above him, while perhaps, higher still, the hawk, the eagle, or the heron may be seen soaring far away, till the speck is lost in the clouds; and now, perhaps, his attention will be directed downwards, to some green retreat, some spot of beauty, the more beauteous from the waste by which it is surrounded. Sometimes the clouds and vapours may be seen floating around the hill tops in a thousand fantastic forms, and when these are gone, and the hill tops are clear, little white clouds of curling smoke may

be perceived arising from the furze and heather, which the laborious peasant is burning in order to increase the coarse herbage of his farm. If the weather has been wet, both eye and ear will be delighted, the one with the foam, and the other with the dash, of a thousand torrents. There are few things which so completely baffle the pen and the pencil as these mountain waterfalls. The rapid and incessant motion of the water, which flows not in a continued stream, running always the same from rock to rock, but comes down in flushes, flourishing in successive circles, covering a point of rock at one moment with a sheet of water, and leaving it bare the next. It is impossible adequately to paint or describe all the endless variations, and I doubt whether any description, although such may perhaps recall ideas to those accustomed to observe mountain falls, would give much information to a person who had never seen one. In the boasted cataracts of America this shifting motion can have little or no effect upon the general scene, which is on too magnificent a scale for the observance of such minutiæ, but in the falls of this country it is a circumstance which adds much to the

beauty, or at least to the amusement, of the scene.

A sudden turn in the road disclosed to view the wooded hill, or cliff of Philadown, which came as refreshing upon our view, as the twinkle of a lighthouse to the weary mariner.

Here we were soon surrounded by a crowd of the Glensters, or Glanfleskians, while Daniel O'Donoghue hastened to hold the stirrups, and help us to dismount. He then vaulted into the saddle of one of the nags himself, and galloped off in search of a ladder; as there is no reaching that part of the cliff called Labig Owen, or the bed of Owen the outlaw, without such assistance.

After the bare tract we had traversed, the cliff of Philadown, from the circumstance of its being wooded, appeared peculiarly pleasing; and the wood itself was not the less agreeable, for having assumed the rich and varied hues of autumn, which we beheld glancing beneath the glorious light of a golden eve. On the return of O'Donoghue with the ladder, well pleased did we explore the recesses of Philadown, and right gaily did we spring from rock to rock, now catching at the

long purple heath, and now sustaining ourselves by the trunks and branches of the trees, till further progress was stayed by a formidable rock.

Having placed the ladder against this barrier, we mounted, and found ourselves on an irregular platform, to which there was no other means of access, as on every other side the cliff was perpendicular, deep, and masked by wood; so that it is obvious, a single desperate man, possessed of this hold, might, if well provisioned, keep it against hundreds.

To render this station still more impregnable, it was overhung by the cliff above, which at once afforded security and shelter. On the face of the rock, we observed inscribed the names of several visiters, and while I looked around, Mr. Lynch added his to the number. Perceiving that he was observed, he turned to me, saying something, of which the first words I caught, were—"The old adage, you know, runs thus:

'He who writes his name upon a tree,
Is a fool and e'er will be.
He who writes his name upon a wall,
Is a fool and ever shall.'

But there's not a word said about a rock!"

A long horizontal fissure was pointed out to me as the chimney appertaining to the fireplace of the famous Owen; and I was also shown a hollow, which was his reservoir for water, as it received all that dripped from the cliffs above.

"And who," said I, "was this famous Owen?"

The doctor, to whom this question was addressed, immediately prepared himself for reply, by assuming the attitude of a speaker, and the glensters crowded around, prepared to wonder and applaud.

"Owen," said he, "Owen was a famous outlaw of the olden time, who for a long period kept possession of this strong hold, out of which, as you may perceive, it would not be an easy matter to drive a resolute and desperate man; but in those days the difficulty was much greater; for, besides that the glen was thickly wooded, there was at that time no such thing as a road through it. Owen was also an O'Donoghue, as, indeed, were all the inhabitants of these glens; and though a few other names may now be found among them, yet even these are connected by marriage with the O'Donoghue; thus connected, and in posses-

sion of this natural fortress, it is no wonder that Mr. Owen considered himself not only secure, but at perfect liberty to pursue his system of depredation, and indulge his cattle-lifting propensities.

"Moreover, was he not the strongest man of his day? for even to the present hour, popular tradition represents him as having been able to take a cow by the horns and dash her down the cliff; indeed, this is said to have been his usual savage mode of killing cattle.

"But Owen's chief strength and exultation lay in the favour of the O'Donoghue himself, or, as he was called, O'Donoghue Geoffry, who at that time resided in Killaha Castle.

"The *Sasenagh* had been the spoiler of the O'Donoghue; many broad lands had he lost; and in return, it was but natural, while dining on some of Owen's stolen beef, that he should feel a peculiar relish, and a keener appetite, when he reflected that he was partaking in the spoil of the spoiler.

"Notwithstanding all these causes for security, it happened that the support which Owen the outlaw deemed the strongest, namely, the protection of his chieftain, was really the

weakest of all: for the great O'Donoghue himself, in his hatred towards the *Sasenaghs*, was not very mindful of their laws; and, once upon a time, a few of his depredatory freaks, on rather a large scale, brought down upon the chief of the glens the vengeance of the powers that were; so that all the authorities, civil and military, were united against him.

"Now this great chieftain, taking into consideration that self-preservation is the first law of nature, determined to redeem himself, by giving up his clansman, the redoubtable Owen, on whom he laid all the blame of his own transgressions.—By an act of treachery, Owen was decoyed from his bed on the rock, and guards were posted to prevent his return. Disguised as a crippled beggar-man, he wandered for months through the country, and at last was surprised by a party of English soldiers at the cottage of a poor woman in the glen.

"'Nance—Nance,' exclaimed the outlaw, frowning defiance upon his pursuers beneath, 'cut my hamstrings;' thereby meaning the straps which attached the wooden stumps to his legs. These, his memorable words, have since passed into a Glanfleskian proverb. But

the woman was too much alarmed at the near approach of the soldiers to free Owen from his assumed disguise; he easily became the captive of the English, and without much ceremony took his lord's place on the gallows tree.

"Thus ended the life and adventures of Owen the outlaw; and Labig Owen has since remained without a tenant, except when for a short time it was occupied by the murderers of a Mr. Hutchinson; but their sculls are now bleaching on the Bridewell in Macroom; and Labig Owen is now only visited by the fashionable tourist, the note-hunting author, or the artist on his summer ramble."

When the doctor had concluded his story, there was a general murmur of approbation among the glensters, who, though they scarcely understood a sentence of what he had said, were lavish of their praises, expressed in such exclamations as "Arrah, then, hasn't the *docture* fine *Ingelish wid* him?"—"*Mo grine chree**, *docture*, 'tis you can tell a story any how."

"Here, Lynch," said I, "here is an illus-

* The sunshine of my heart.

tration of that most picturesque incident in the history of Owen the outlaw—'Nance—Nance, cut my hamstrings.'"

"It will make no bad figure in the Guide Book," said Mr. Lynch, as he returned me the sketch.

From Labig Owen there is a pleasing view of the windings of the Flesk, the opposite mountains, the farm of Upper Inch, and even Philadown itself, in consequence of the bend which it makes, adds part of its wood to the prospect. A short way above Philadown the glen divides into two branches, one running

towards Kenmare, and the other by Bally-vourney towards Macroom, forming a figure something like λ turned thus.

Through that branch of the glen which leads to Kenmare, descends the river Looha; and through the branch leading to Macroom murmurs the Clydagh—both meet not far from Philadown; and from the "meeting of the waters" the united streams take the name of Flesk.

Descending from Labig Owen, we crossed the road, and sat down on the margin of the river Flesk, which, from its being shallow, here became garrulous: and here, drawing forth our store of provisions, we began to appease, as the little doctor called them, those stomachic symptoms vulgarly denominated hunger.

While thus employed, we occasionally gave small pieces of bread to the children, who were mingled with the glensters' men and women, by whom we were surrounded, as objects of wonder. This act at once engaged the hearts of the mothers; we soon perceived a stir and whisper, and shortly after five or six of the women tucked up their petticoats, crossed the ford, and proceeded towards Inch House, an

old ruinous slated building, surrounded by a nest of cabins. The house was the first residence of the chiefs of Glauflesk, and is said to be much older than Killaha Castle, though in far better repair, being still inhabited.

In a short time we perceived the women returning with *piggins* (small wooden vessels) full of milk, as a slight offering for our kindness to their children.

The sun had gone down before we had finished our repast; and, pedestrians as we were, to think of returning to Killarney, a distance of eight Irish miles, after the fatigues of the day, was out of the question; but what was to be done? where was a lodging to be procured? The question, however, was soon settled by our friend, Daniel O'Donoghue, who volunteered the use of his cabin and all it contained for our service; and, as a further inducement, offered to slay a fat lamb to give us welcome.

Without many words the invitation was accepted; and, having mounted the shelties, we crossed the ford and proceeded towards Inch House, near which stood the cabin of our worthy host, Daniel O'Donoghue.

CHAP. X.

A NIGHT IN THE GLENS.

It must be acknowledged that there was some little difference between Gorham's Hotel and Daniel O'Donoghue's cabin; which latter was a long low structure, having the usual accompaniment of a yard full of all sorts of dirt and litter. The very approach to the door presented an obstacle to entrance, which a London exquisite might have considered insurmountable; for this approach consisted of a narrow, slippery, badly paved causeway, leading between two filthy stagnant pools, which, as they were disturbed by a brood of hard-drinking ducks, sent forth no very grateful effluvia. The causeway being passed, we entered and began to survey the interior. And now for the general effect— an outer room, with a partition wall dividing it from a smaller inner room, in the centre of which partition was a doorway, but without a door, and even that to the outer room, which gave entrance to the house, could only be regarded as an apology for a door, having

so many chinks and crevices that every vagrant breeze whistled through at will. But a door was of little consequence, as the entrance to the cabin stood also in the capacity of window, being constantly left open during the day, in order to admit light to the outer room, and at the same time to allow free passage for the smoke; acting in the capacity of deputy to the huge vent, which to very little purpose occupied the full breadth of the gable, and overhung not only the fire, but also a sort of bedstead placed on one side of the hearth. As a balance on the other, a seat of rude mason work was constructed.

The rest of this apartment was occupied by a large deal table, a few straw-bottomed chairs, a tub and two keelers placed near the door, containing potato skins and sour milk, into which two gaunt greyhounds and a parcel of vociferous young pigs *(bonnoves)* were dipping their muzzles with all the voracity imaginable, squeaking and growling the whole time. Against the partition wall already mentioned, at either side of the doorway, was placed the coop and the dresser; the one full of cackling hens, and the other containing a grand display of earthen

ware, basons, jugs, and plates, wooden mugs, trenchers, and a saltcellar, two wine glasses, one able and one unable to stand without being propped up, and, grandeur of grandeurs, a tea-pot, with two cups and three saucers. In the upper shelf were sundry holes, through which were stuck half a dozen iron spoons; from a nail on one side of the dresser was suspended a small looking-glass, with a red painted border; and underneath stood, in a row, an iron pot, a brass skillet (manufactured from a gun of the invincible armada), a pot-oven, and a griddle. The apartment was surmounted by a black smoky roof, from the couples of which dangled long fibres of soot and cobweb over the earthen floor beneath. So much for the outer room; now for the inner. One side was occupied by two bedsteads, between which and the wall was hung a piece of matting; at the opposite side was a window about a foot square; over head was raised a loft made of hurdles, and having a ladder for ascending and descending —a bundle of straw lay in one corner for the hounds; two chairs and a chest in the middle of the room, which answered the purpose of a table, completed the furniture of the dormitory.

We were congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a good night's rest, for the beds, notwithstanding my description, appeared excellent, and had snow-white sheets; but further inspection was checked by the bleating of a lamb—"Ba, ba."

"Our host," exclaimed Mr. Lynch, "is doubtless going to kill the promised lamb for supper; but I dare say you have as little inclination as myself for such summary cookery. Let us procure for the poor animal a reprieve."

It was not without considerable persuasion, and even then much against his will, that Daniel O'Donoghue was prevailed upon to lay aside at least for the present, his murderous design. This matter was scarcely arranged before our ears were saluted by—*Tweedle dee, tweedle dum—eek hum, hum eek*—the sounds of a fiddle and bagpipe; and directly piper and fiddler entered the outer room, followed, I verily believe, by all the Donoghues in the glen, men, women, and children; while our careful host, to screen us from the vulgar gaze, hung a large sheet before the doorway of the inner room.

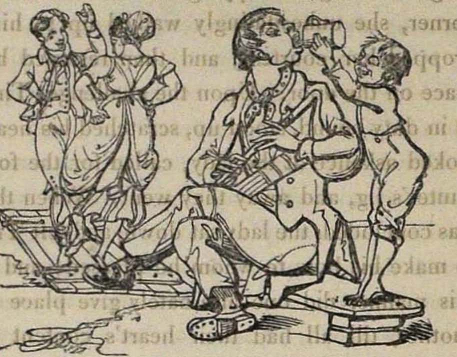
"You may as well give up all thoughts of rest till morning," said Mr. Lynch, "for I perceive we shall have nothing but fiddling and dancing and whiskey-drinking till daylight."

"That being the case, I see no objection," said I, "to our joining the revels—suppose we do so?"

Mr. Lynch having expressed his concurrence, we stepped forth from the apartment which had been given up to us, and found the outer room thronged almost to suffocation; even the very doorway was crowded with the merry faces of people all agog for fun.

An Irishman may be said to love fighting well, whiskey better, and dancing best of all; indeed his legs seem to move instinctively at the sound of the bagpipe; and hence it happened that the useless door was no sooner taken off of its hinges and placed in the middle of the floor, than Paddy Haly made his bow to Mary Donoghue, and flinging off his brogues, called for a double jig, and began to caper away on the prostrate planks, making them rattle again with his thumping, as he went through the various movements of a *moneen*

jig—at the same time snapping his fingers and uttering a joyous whoop.



The assemblage did their part, and gave loud vent to their admiration at every new fling from Paddy Haly: indeed, to render such movements the more conspicuous, and that not a single step might be lost, three or four tall fellows volunteered to act as candlesticks, and with large pieces of blazing bog-dale in their hands, they stood directing the light upon the steps of the dancers. It was an effect worthy the pencil of a Rembrandt!

Paddy having concluded his *moneen*, by a

bow to the piper, sat down, leaving the lady to look for another partner, which she was not long in finding; for spying Tim Murnane in a corner, she unhesitatingly walked up to him, dropped her courtesy, and then resumed her place on the door. Upon the challenge, Tim, as in duty bound, stood up, scratched his head, looked askance at the lady, called for the fox-hunter's jig, and away they went. When this was concluded, the lady sat down, and left Tim to make his bow to whom he pleased; and in this manner did one alternately give place to another, till all had their heart's content of dancing.

Of the *moneen* it is almost impossible, by the pen or pencil, to convey an idea; to be understood, it must be seen. I will however, to the best of my ability, recount the figures.

Down the middle—up again—set to your partner—change sides—set again—change sides again—set again—dance up to your partner—recede—dance up again—recede again—turn half round with one hand, back again with the other—set again—turn round with both hands, and bow to the piper.

There are however a variety of figures; and

as for steps, they are numberless, and, to use the vulgar adage, change "as fast as hops;" but words are quite unequal to picture the activity and dexterity required in the performance, the grotesque flinging about of the legs, the snapping of fingers, the whooping and hallooing, the grinding and stamping, the thumping and bumping, and yet all in perfect time, with the quickest and most complicated movements; so that the spectator is divided between laughter and admiration at what is really at once an absurd and an extraordinary exhibition.

During the dance our worthy host was dealing about whiskey with unsparing hand, or, in the language of the glens, "*galore*;" and as he did not forget to help himself, by the time he sat down, Daniel O'Donoghue was what is called "pretty well." Then it was that his heart began to swell with pride, as he gazed on the glensters around; and often did he stretch forward to shake hands with us, as he exclaimed, "These are O'Donoghues—these are O'Donoghues—every day's luck to them." And any fling extraordinary in the dance, brought forth the exulting cry of "There's an

O'Donoghue for you. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, every inch an O'Donoghue."

Amid this continued revelry and dance, a pretty rosy-cheeked girl, after wiping her mouth with the corner of her check apron, dropped a courtesy to Mr. Lynch, who of course was obliged to take his place on the door; and laughable enough were his attempts at a *moneen*. To do him justice, however, he got through it with a great deal of good temper; and then in order to be revenged, I suppose, he put the door aside and proposed a country dance. Here a most glorious scene of confusion began; such mistakes, and consequent scoldings, for it seems a professional dancing master was present; and as the place was narrow, and the earthen floor indescribably uneven, such trippings, stumblings, and kicking of shins were there as baffle all description.

When the country dance was over, and before the door was replaced, not on its hinges, but on the floor for *moneens*; I managed to pick up the following tale from the schoolmaster, who had been a great traveller in his youth, having visited Lisbon, Cork, and Skibbereen,

and who was esteemed, next to the doctor, the most learned man in Glanflesk.

"Who is there so ignorant," said he, after two or three hems to clear his voice, "as not to have heard of the town of Dingle, or, as it was called in the days of good Queen Bess, The Dingle—but the name which pleases me most of all, is that high-sounding one of Dingle-decouch—but by whatever name you may choose to distinguish it, Dingle, The Dingle, or Dingledecouch, be it known that it was ever and always a most famous place, for a variety of very cogent reasons.

"And first, it is said that a man may be arrested there for twopence; but, secondly, living is so very cheap* that he ought not to owe twopence, for there you may get a good house for three or four pounds a year, and, being close to the vast Atlantic, you may get fish for a song, if you happen to have a good

* Of this assertion I had no bad illustration in the spring of 1825, when I dined in Dingle, after visiting Smerwick Harbour. My dinner consisted of a very fine small turbot with lobster sauce, a pair of fowls, and some bacon, with vegetables—greens and potatoes, for which dinner, neatly and well served, I was charged nine-pence!

voice—potatoes dog cheap, and linen for next to nothing; but as for meat, sorry am I to say, it is so scarce an article, that whenever a sheep is killed the bellman is sent about to inform the neighbours of such an important affair; and the death of a cow becomes quite an era, from which they date all subsequent events.

" Well then, near this famous, cheap, fish-loving town of Dingledecouch, lived Robert Fitzgerald; I can't say exactly what relation he stood in to the Knight of Kerry, or if any beyond being a Geraldine. Robert Fitzgerald was by a trade a mason; and not only that, but he was said also to have been a freemason, and was consequently suspected of being an adept in the black art.

" His appearance was by no means prepossessing, as he was a low, squat, dark-visaged man, with a most unconscionable squint, and long black hair, which in matted locks curled around his brow in huge and forbidding clusters.

" This aspect, together with his reputation as a wizard, rendered him an object of fear and suspicion to the country people, who generally laid to his charge any misfortunes

which befell them or their cattle; and in his own line of business no one cared to interfere with him, by which means he was left in the quiet and undisputed possession of the building trade in Dingle.

"'I won't put up with it any longer,' said Mr. Hickson, one morning in a terrible passion; and no wonder, for Fitzgerald, who was doing some mason work for him, had kept the job on his hands for upwards of six months; and though, considering he was to be paid by the day, no brother builder will be inclined to blame him much, yet as Mr. Hickson's pocket was to bear the brunt, it is no wonder he should be rather angry, although, proverbially, the best tempered gentleman in the whole county. 'I won't put up with it any longer,' said he; 'I suppose you think I can't get any one to come between you and the work, but you're quite mistaken, for there's the two Neils just come from the north, so I discharge you this minute, you old sorcerer; and now let me see what good the devil your master can do you, Fitzgerald.

"'Tis a bad thing to speak of the devil on any account, and 'tis very seldom that much

good comes of it: but Fitzgerald made no answer, he only gave a most ominous squint, and muttered *badershin*, as he walked away with his trowel in his hand, and his hammer under his arm, wiping his dark forehead with the corner of his leather apron.

"No sooner had Fitzgerald departed, than Mr. Hickson proceeded to Mary Murphy's house, where the two Neils were lodging.

"'How are you, Mary?"

"'Very well, I thank your honour; and proud I am to see your honour looking so bravely this blessed morning.'

"'Thank you, Mary; but where are the two masons that came to lodge with you, lately?"

"'Why your honour, it isn't two minutes since they went out; is it work your honour would have for them? if it is, sure I can send them up to the big house the moment they come in, and 'tis they are the quiet *dacent by's* any how; but I thought Fitzgerald had your honour's work, and they say it isn't lucky to cross him.'

"'Fitzgerald! I have just turned the rascal away, and intend giving the work to the Neils;

so, Mary, send them to me, and as you value my favour, none of your stories about Fitzgerald and the black art; besides, you are a sensible woman, and ought to see that the fellow is only scheming to keep the work to himself; so good bye, Mary, but remember—not a word.'

"Now Mary, though she remembered very well, couldn't, for the life of her, resist the desire she had to tell the Neils all about Fitzgerald; for besides the inclination a woman feels for every thing forbidden, Mary was a real believer in the power of the black art, and all the stories she had heard of Fitzgerald. When the two Neils came in, and Mrs. Mary Murphy saw what likely, proper young men they were, she thought it would be a mortal sin to let any harm come to them for want of a little bit of advice; then having told them about Mr. Hickson's work, she advised them to have nothing to do with it; telling them how Fitzgerald became a freemason in spite of his Reverence Father Sheehan, how he refused to confess the *sacret*, and how his reverence wouldn't give him absolution, or the rites of the church; how Fitzgerald had sold

his *sowl* to the devil, who gave him power to play the *dunnus* by the black art, and how, in consequence, no one dared to cross him. But the young men being glad to get employment, only laughed at Mary's hows, and without further parley set off for the big house, and engaged with Mr. Hickson.

"Things went on well enough for some time, and many people said that all the stories about Fitzgerald, were only old women's *pishogues;* but those who knew better shook their heads, and said it was only the calm before the storm.

"'Who are them going across the bay, Norah?' said Fitzgerald, one fine morning as he stood at his cabin door, looking at a boat that had just left the shore.

"'Wisha then, 'tis only the Neils going across to the quarry for stones,' said Norah, who was an old woman that used during the day to brush up and take care of Fitzgerald's cabin, for he was a lone man.

"'The Neils is it? run, Norah, and bring me a *cool* of the salt water.'

Norah did as she was desired, at the same time wondering what he should want with the

salt water; so, though she was desired to go home, she thought it no harm to hide herself in a corner of the loft.

"The morning was as fine as ever shone, the sea calm as glass, and not as much wind stirring as would serve to fill a whistle, when the unfortunate Neils left the shore; and yet they had scarcely reached the middle of the bay, when a terrible whirlwind arose, which upset their boat, and the young men were swallowed up by the remorseless deep.

"Old Norah swore, that at that very time, she saw Fitzgerald, from her concealment in the loft, take a wooden bowl, and put it floating on the *cool* of salt water, then muttering over it, the bowl began to spin about, and the storm to rise, till at last when the bowl was upset, he stopped his muttering, and said all was right, for the Neils were done for. Be this as it may, it is certain that for ever after, no one ventured to molest the wizard of Dingle."

Such was the story which I managed to glean from the schoolmaster, related in my own words, rather than in his; and he had scarcely concluded it, when the Glensters began to depart, first, however, wishing us a

thousand *slantha gots* in some of our friend Daniel's whiskey.

It was broad day; but, before retiring, the doctor suggested to our hostess the preparation of some hot water, to make a tumbler of punch. The worthy dame, not having a kettle, soon made her appearance with a great iron pot of steaming water, enough for that matter to make punch for half the parish; we managed to bail the water up with a wooden bowl, made our punch in a respectably sized jug, drank it out of teacups, and in ten minutes after it was finished, Mr. Lynch and myself were in bed, and snoring away, according to the doctor's account, " like two Irish nightingales."

CHAP. XI.

THE RETURN.

Cock a doodle do! grunt! grunt! cackle! cackle! and worse than all, bow wow wow! that settles the matter, no more sleep is to be had—the cocks crowing, pigs grunting, and hens cackling, were bad enough; but the bow wow of that abominable crop-eared cur, puts the matter beyond dispute, and awakens me to a perfect consciousness of existence, and that I am in Daniel O'Donoghue's cabin, with the sad reflection, that this is the last day I have to spend in the neighbourhood of Killarney; for to-morrow I have secretly made up my mind to depart.

The last day—'tis an awful word; but there must be a last day to every thing; and therefore why should I grumble at a phantom of my own creation, like Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein? grumble, did I say?—I don't intend doing any such thing; but, as this is my last day at Killarney, I intend to make the most of it.

"Halloo, Lynch! awake—arise—how the

dog snores! Halloo—halloo—halloo—what, are you not awake? it is high time we were abroad, and doing——Oh, doctor, how are you? glad to see you this morning—which way does the wind blow?"

"It has just changed to the right point," said the doctor: "though it has been very wet and stormy all the morning, and now a thousand torrents are dashing down the hills; but the blue sky is beginning to be seen, while mist and cloud are curling up the sides of the mountains, and clearing away from their brows."

"An admirable description indeed! I must have it for my Guide Book."

"Guide Book!" exclaimed the doctor, and I resumed—"If you can prevail upon Mrs. O'Donoghue to have eggs, and butter, and potatoes, and milk, prepared for breakfast on our return, I should like, above all things, to sally forth, and enjoy the fresh air. In truth, doctor, though I am not apt to complain, my head feels rather queer this morning from the whiskey punch, the effects of which, I am not quite sure I have exactly had time sufficient

to sleep off. What say you, Lynch, to going forth into 'the light of things,' as your friend Wordsworth does after a debauch?"

"Agreed," said the doctor; "Wordsworth's a sensible man enough for a poet."

"No bad plan that," said Mr. Lynch, "but does Wordsworth really do so?"

"He certainly says so—sayings and doings at Killarney—eh, Lynch—an excellent title for the Guide Book, only 'tis a plagiarism; but what matters a plagiarism on the most original mind of the present day?"

Having forded the Flesk, we turned the southern corner of Philadown, and took that branch of the glen which leads towards Kenmare. Here the scenery was extremely wild, rocks piled upon rocks in rude confusion, and numberless torrents foaming, and little shining streams rushing down through the hollows and channels of the hills. A walk of about two miles brought us to the wooded side of Croghane; the opposite side of the glen, which was also wooded, we were informed, was called Ruscru.

The road now rising, now falling, sweeps

along the base of Croghane, overshadowed by woods; through which we had not proceeded far, before the sound of a torrent burst upon us, and we soon perceived a raging flood, which foamed down the side of the hill, and through the wood, leaping from rock to rock, and in many places environing both clumps and single trees, which seemed to grow out of the water, as their green branches swept its boiling surface.

After a feeble attempt to trace this torrent to its source, we found that neither our time, or our appetites (so much for whiskey punch be it remarked) would permit us to remain longer; and without proceeding farther through the glen, we turned our faces towards Daniel O'Donoghue's hospitable dwelling.

Perhaps it will be as well, to prevent disappointment, that I should inform the visiter of Glanflesk, that to see the torrent, as we did, in all its glory, splashing—dashing—bubbling—and foaming, he must go there immediately after a very heavy fall of rain. Nay, it will even be worth his while, unless of a rheumatic disposition, to endure a good wetting, which,

by the by, he will run every chance of receiving, to obtain a peep at the torrent, though we were fortunate enough to escape with dry jackets.

An excellent breakfast may be made on potatoes, butter, eggs, and milk, by men who have walked among the mountains of Kerry. And we having done ample justice to what Mrs. O'Donoghue placed before us, bade farewell to Daniel, who not only refused, but was highly offended at the offer of payment.

As we journeyed towards Killaha castle, on our way to Killarney, Mr. Lynch drew forth his pencil and note-book, and in a short time produced the following

FAREWELL TO GLANFLESK.

Farewell to the land of the mountain,
To Glanflesk and its wild-hills farewell;
Where rushes the rock-springing fountain,
Where murmurs the stream through the dell.

Where the dark mountains frown in their pride,
And rocks in disorder are thrown,
Or lie shivered along the hill-side,
Like the relics of worlds that are gone.

Where the wild herds that graze by the rill
  Look up to their friends of the sky;
The eagle that mounts from the hill,
  The heron and hawk floating by.

Where Croghane spreads afar its green wood,
  And Ruscru nods across to its brother,
And Philadown's cliff, rough and rude,
  Still adds to the prospect another.

Where the Looha and Clydagh roll on,
  Each down its own glen proud to sally;
Till fondly uniting in one,
  As the Flesk they wind through the green valley.

Where famed Labig Owen is shown,
  And Glensters relate the proud story,
Of the outlaw who made him a throne
  And a bed on this rock rude and hoary.

O those were the days when afar
  The 'Eagle's shrill whistle' was sounding;
And down at that note to the war,
  The sons of the rude hills came bounding.

And still on the hill—in the glen,
  Though kind to each stranger that comes,
There are hearts just as ready as then,
  To fight for their rights and their homes*.

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* Pro aris et focis.

But farewell to the land of the mountain,
To Glanflesk and its wild-hills farewell;
Where rushes the rock-springing fountain,
Where murmurs the stream through the dell.

On clearing the glen, we found ourselves under the green hill, on which stands the ruins of Killaha castle. This hill we ascended. Three sides only of a square tower remain; and as we looked up at its roofless and floorless height, we perceived the ancient stone chimney pieces, still clinging to the walls.

At some distance from the castle, on the northern slope of the hill, are the ivy-covered remains of a church or chapel, around which are scattered a few tombs and grave stones.

"God be with you, Father Reily," exclaimed the doctor, as he passed one of these memento mori's; "for you were as good and as gay a little fellow as ever stepped."

Upon inquiry, I found that Father Reily, was one of those jolly, social, charitable, old, "butter-booted" priests, who were so different from the political, unsocial, jesuitical, sly, young, canting, soberly-clad priests of the present day, for which reason, I copied the inscription on his tomb.

"THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED
BY
THE PARISHIONERS OF BARRADUV AND KILLAHA,
AT
THEIR SOLE EXPENSE
AS A TOKEN
OF THE
LOVE, REGARD, AND ESTEEM, THEY HAD
FOR THEIR WORTHY AND CHARITABLE
PARISH PRIEST,
THE REV. JOHN O'REILY,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 10 NOV. 1824, AGED 57 YEARS.
REQUIESCAT IN PACE. AMEN."

As a curiosity, I was tempted also to transcribe the following inscription:—I now wish that I had copied the grotesque sculptures with which the stone is decorated, for (and yet how can I use the word when applied to a monumental record?) the amusement of my readers.

†
* I.H.S. *

"THIS TOMB IS ERECTED BY
DAVID H-T. COLLINS IN MEMORY
OF HIS WIFE BRIDGET, WHO
DIED MAY 18, 1823.
REQUIESCAT IN PACE. AMEN."

(Here follow four lines in the Irish character, of which the translation by a native bard, may perhaps be sufficient to satisfy the reader's curiosity.)

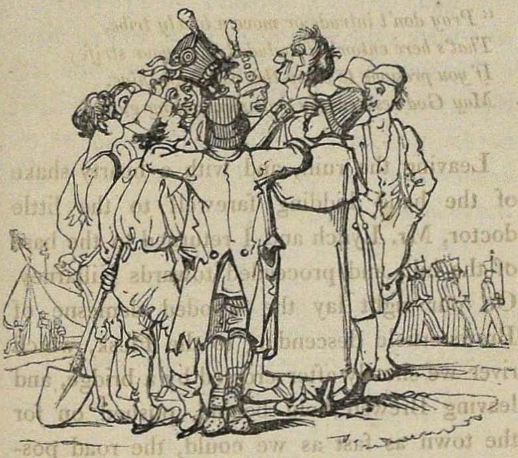
"Pray don't intrude or move a lonely tribe,
That's here entombed excluded from your strife;
If you presume to scoop this vault not thine,
May God beshrew thy rude supplanting guile."

Leaving the ruin, and with a hearty shake of the hand bidding farewell to the little doctor, Mr. Lynch and I returned to the base of the hill, and proceeded towards Killarney. On our right lay the wooded demesne of Brewsterfield descending to the Flesk, which river we shortly after crossed by a bridge, and leaving Brewsterfield behind, pushed on for the town as fast as we could, the road possessing nothing particular to detain us.

Rather less than two hours brought us to Killarney, where we arrived just in time to witness our Mangerton Mountain friend, who had passed us shouting so wildly, and singing so gaily, something about

"A *bagnet* and gun,
To fire out of fun."

picked up by a recruiting party of the XXXIX—my grandfather's old regiment—much to the envy and astonishment of a group of butter-dealing friends and companions.



"I'm as tall as the sargeant," said he. "What will Katty say now?—*hurroo—hōō.*"

"Faith then, you are that, and 'tis no lie for you, Jem, and taller too, though his honour the sergeant's a fine gentleman, surely."

"'Tis a *soldur* you'll be, Jem Carey."

"Go along *wid* you, you *cauboge**," said

* A vulgar fellow.

Jem, darting a side glance worthy of remembrance; "and don't be *spaking* to me—sure I'm listed, and I'll *shute* you dead if you'll be talking—*hurroo*—What will Katty say now?"

"Faith then, I'll be bail, I'll tell you that, for sure there's the song ready made and all about it." And the speaker turned away from the recruit to one of the group, and began singing in the tone, and with an expression of the keenest irony, to the well known air of "Mistress Casey."

"Sall Kearney met with Katty Doyle,
As she was selling her plaices,
They both sat down upon a step
To tell their dismal cases:
Says Sall, 'Kathore, do you know what,
That my blackguard is listed?
He's gone to fight the French they say,
God knows, I often wish'd it.'"

Here two or three voices joined in chorus with the singer:

"Then gilla ma fain will you give us a drop,
'Cause why, I am in sorrow;
And if my cloak I was to pop*,
I'll give you a throw† to-morrow."

Row de dow, dow, dow—row de dow, dow,

* To pop—to pledge. † A throw—a dram.

dow—row, row, row, from the recruiting party, almost drowned the closing notes of the chorus, though increased by the roar of at least a dozen voices.

At the door of the hotel I met Mr. Gorham. "Sare," said he, "I hope you will forgive the very great liberty I have taken of putting two English gentlemen, who have come over about the mines, into your room; but really, sare, they are such *parfection* of gentlemen, and I have no room in my whole house unoccupied, and you, sare, being so good-natured, and not coming back last night, and—"

"And in short," said I, rather displeased, "you have given my room to two strangers, who—"

"By no manner of means, sare," said the Gorham, with one of his irresistible bows. "Not for the world, sare; but you see, as you did not return, I just made bold to allow them to sit at your table in preference to the one in the bar, until you did come back. Oh, sare, they clearly understand that they are to quit at the wind of a word; but they have just sat down to an early dinner, that I was in hopes would have been clear and *clane* finished before

your return, sare; but I'll have the dishes fetched out in a minute."

"Stop, Gorham—suppose Mr. Lynch and I join them at dinner; it is most apropos, as far as our appetites are concerned; and we can turn them into the bar to you, should we find them cannibals or water-drinkers; really, it would be too cruel a proceeding for any Irishman to expel an Englishman from his table, and that too at the moment of dinner."

"Did you ever write for the stage?" inquired Mr. Lynch, in a whisper; "that sentence sounds mighty like what theatrical folk term a clap-trap."

"I make it a point never to answer impertinent questions founded upon impertinent remark, Mr. Lynch," said I. "Gorham, announce us if you please—explain that the room is ours—and you may as well ascertain the names of the mining English gentlemen for our satisfaction."

Gorham did as directed—and after a few words of mutual explanation, Mr. Lynch and myself found ourselves at dinner in company with Mr. Jones and Mr. Jenkins, both as far as outward appearance went, agreeable, and

civilized persons. The former, as was elicited from him in conversation, possessed considerable knowledge of geology, mining, and mineralogy, his friend Mr. Jenkins, on these subjects, playing second fiddle; but when that of law or music was introduced, he was "flauto primo."*

"This morning," said Mr. Jones, as we sat sipping our wine after dinner, "I devoted to the examination of the peninsula of Mucruss. The peninsula runs nearly east and west; the western part of it is brown stone, the east entirely limestone, till this is lost under the gravelly hills; the mine is on the south side of the peninsula, a little on the limestone side of the juncture. Beginning a little to the west of this point, I observed the brown stone laying in thin strata, with smooth surface dipping about forty degrees to the south. All the rocks in this neighbourhood, and I believe all on the south side of the peninsula, dip rapidly to the south, but I doubt if it ought to be considered as the natural bed of the stone. In the Ross mine it dips very gently in the same direction. Advancing to the east, I met with a hard gray limestone, brown on the out-

side—further east, the brown stone passing into schist upon the limestone, and containing laminæ of schist, and schist containing laminæ of the limestone alternately. The limestone is also in places honeycombed on the surface—both sorts of rock are marked with veins of calcareous spar, which often continue uninterrupted through several different layers. But I fear I tire you, gentlemen."

"The fact is," said Mr. Jenkins, "my worthy friend, Mr. Jones, is, as you perceive, a scientific talker about rocks and stones, and has come to Killarney determined to shut his eyes upon the lakes, to see only the mines, and to speak only about cobalt and copper—Is it not so, Jones?"

Here Mr. Jones smiled, but made no reply.

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Jenkins, "I am by profession a lawyer, and not, as you will perceive, a briefless one, for here is a case (drawing forth from his pocket a paper) which I had submitted to me, and which really baffles my comprehension; nor can I obtain any assistance in the matter from my friend on the opposite side of the table. The terms, I doubt not, being perfectly incomprehensible, must be

Irish; and, indeed, with the view of gaining some light on the subject, I brought the case with me for consideration during my holiday excursion. You have listened so patiently to Mr. Jones's discourse, that I cannot help fancying you must have a knowledge of the subject—will you therefore allow me to read the case? which perhaps you may be able to elucidate."

Mr. Lynch and myself, to whom this question was addressed, nodded assent, and Mr. Jenkins commenced.

CASE.

"In the month of February, 1826, Edward Jones of Penzance agreed to let for thirty-five years to Thomas Francis Hawkesly of the same place, at the rent of three thousand pounds per annum, all his lead, tin, and other mines in the Parish New Giffin, and the agreement contained the following clause—'The said E. Jones will within three months from the date hereof scollop, work, and wallop all the craturs, mouths, ostiums, or tin mines, and skiffingen connected with the said demised premises after the manner and custom of the County of Cornwall, and further, that he will show a good title to the best of his skill to the said premises, &c.'

"Mr. Jones has scolloped, but he has not yet walloped the premises, and he contends that he is not bound to do both because such is not the custom (see sec. 9. Rot. Cornub. lib. i. 157). Mr. H. on the other hand says,

Mr. J. agreed to wallop according to the custom, and that wallop he must—and that there is no custom which says that a walloping according to the custom can be effected by not walloping at all. As walloping is an expensive preliminary operation, it is material to the parties to know on whom the expense must fall. Undoubtedly Mr. H. has entered into the mines, but in consequence of their not being walloped, he found it too hot for him to remain or to allow workmen to be sent in. The title may be shortly stated thus—'In 1748 F. H. devised all his mines to G. P. F. for two thousand years, and after the determination thereof to the heirs of A. L. in fee. Previously to his death, G. P. F. executed a square feoffment to his executor (such being the custom here), after which he levied two fines, sur donis de quantum, by the following description: ten mines, one hundred acres of land, one hundred acres of ground, five hundred scollopcasters, five hundred engine misters, five hundred snicks, five hundred snickjerys with the appurtenances in Penzance;' he then suffered a recovery, which was considered void as a recovery, because the tenant to the precipe had lost himself, and was non inventus. The executor of G. P. F. died in his lifetime, and made his will, devising all his real estates to P. M. in tail male, then G. P. F. died, leaving Mr. Jones his heir at law. A. L. in 1791 executed a bargain and sale, but he did not enroll the same within the prescribed time, and suffered judgment to go by default in action, which was brought against him.

"Your opinion is requested on the following questions, raised by Mr. Hawkesly, a solicitor.

"1st. Is Mr. Jones compellable to wallop the mines or not?

"2nd. If not, must he not allow Mr. Hawkesly's workmen the usual customary allowance of swinery and rostration?

"3rd. Was the effect of the square feoffment to create a discontinuance at common law, or to vest a mere autre vie estate, determinable at the end of the two thousand years term?

"4th. Will the two fines work a negative fee simple? and will two terms of one thousand years make a fee simple? and if so, will not one term of two thousand years have the like effect?

"5th. Is a snickjery (meaning a twisted firepiggin) an incorporeal hereditament so as to pass with the mines?

"6th. Can the void recovery be revived by issuing out consistory corpus writ against G. P. F's. devises?

"7th. If not, is the bargain and sale good according to the maxim of Fieri potest fieri mavult quid minis hic hujus?

"8th. Can a good title be made in any shape or way?

"9th. If it can, in what manner?

"Now," continued Mr. Jenkins, "I have perused this case carefully over seven times. I have read it backwards as well as forwards in order to take an unprejudiced view of it, but yet the terms scollop and wallop I cannot get satisfactorily defined by any authority which I have been able to consult. One thing appears probable on the third question raised—that the square feoffment must be an Irish or Celtic term (although to me it is not very clear),

because there are four courts in Ireland. But what music is that?"

"Surely, it is Gandsey's pipes," said Mr. Lynch.

"Pipes!" repeated Mr. Jenkins, "I never heard any thing sweeter in my life. Certainly these are not the Irish pipes—the droning Irish bagpipe?"

Here Gorham entered to know if I should wish for Gandsey's company—and, true to his word, took the opportunity to inform Mr. Jones and Mr. Jenkins that he had made preparations for their reception in the bar. Both gentlemen at the hint instantly arose; but I begged them to remain, for the wine we had taken just made us feel on terms of easy acquaintance; and I should really have regretted the loss of their society. As an inducement, I promised them Gandsey and his unrivalled music.

Gandsey entered, as on a former occasion, leaning upon his son. "Ah, Gandsey," said I, "this was very good of you to come to me, especially as it is my last evening in Killarney; and here are two gentlemen, who have arrived from England, that I want to introduce to you."

"I thank you, sir," was the modest reply of Gandsey, "you are very good, sir."

"Here is a glass of wine—but perhaps you would prefer some whiskey punch?"

"I drink the wine to your honour's good health and long life," said Gandsey; "but the whiskey punch, sir, if you please, harmonizes better with the melodies I am going to play, sir."

"Waiter, some whiskey punch.—Gandsey, I wish much to hear 'the Eagle's Whistle,' so I think the war march of the O'Donoghue is called—You can play it of course."

"Without any kind of doubt I can do that same," returned Gandsey. Boy, is your violin in tune? there's the note—*Week—week—week—squeek*—that will do. Now, sir—but first, if you please, suppose, sir, that I give you, because, you see, it is the oldest of the two war marches of the O'Donoghue, 'the Step of the Glens.'"

(Here Gandsey played the barbarous strain, which the reader will find annexed, No. 1.)

"Oh, 'tis the O'Donoghues were the boys that could stir their stumps down the side of a mountain," said Gandsey, when he had

concluded. "And now, sir, here's the Eagle's Whistle; that was their other war march, you know. Boy, tune up that note a *leetle* higher."

(Here Gandsey played the melody, No. 2.)

"How close is the resemblance," remarked Mr. Jenkins, "between the Irish and Scotch pibrochs. I remember"—and he was about to proceed with, I have no doubt, some reminiscence or remark, which would have adorned my projected Guide Book, and of which I should have monopolized the credit, had not Gandsey run his right hand up the pipe, with

Tir—a—lee—ra—tir—a—lee—ra—lee——BOOM.

"Come, Gandsey," said I, "another tune, if you please—but something with a history to it."

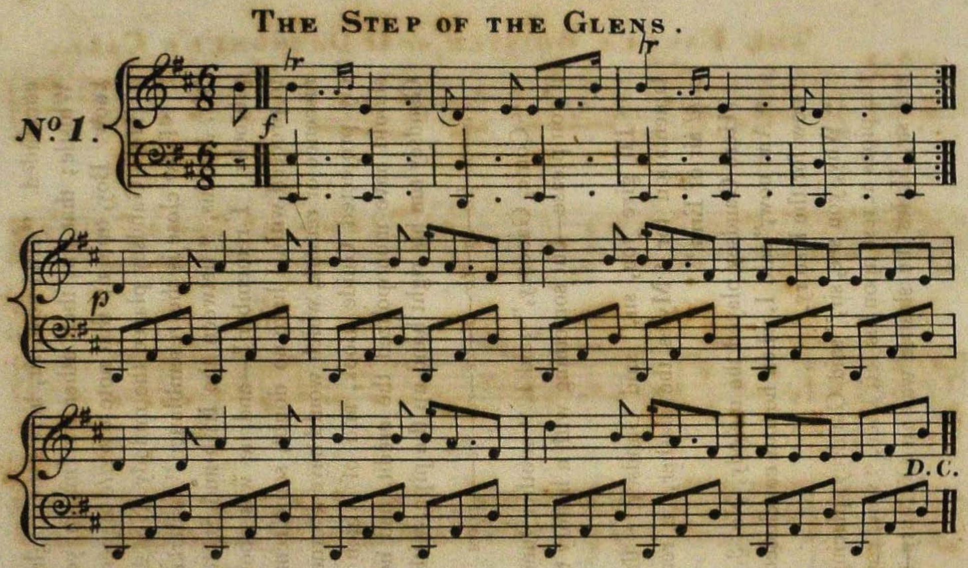
"I'll give you, sir," said Gandsey, "the lamentation for 'Myles the slasher,' a real *ould* air of Erin."

(Here Gandsey played the melody, No. 3.)

"And now," said I, when he had concluded, "now for the history."

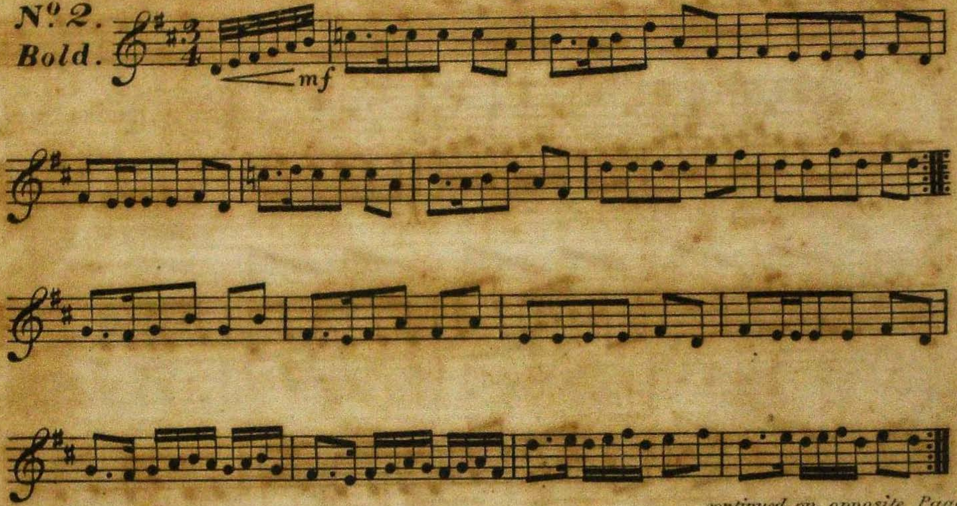
"Why, you see, sir," said Gandsey, placing the pipes at rest upon his left knee, "why, you see, sir, Myles the slasher was an O'Reilly—

1



The Eagle's Whistle, or O Donoghue's Call.

N.º 2.
Bold.



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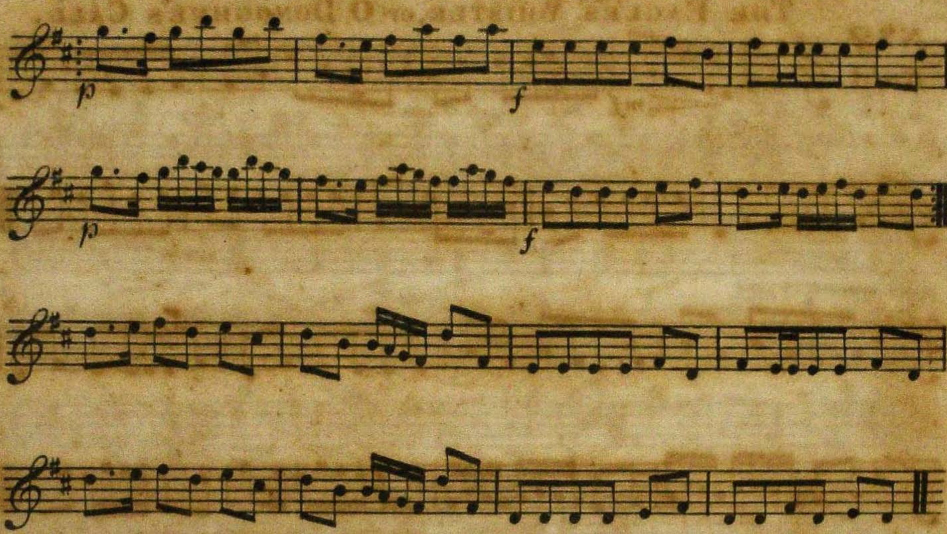
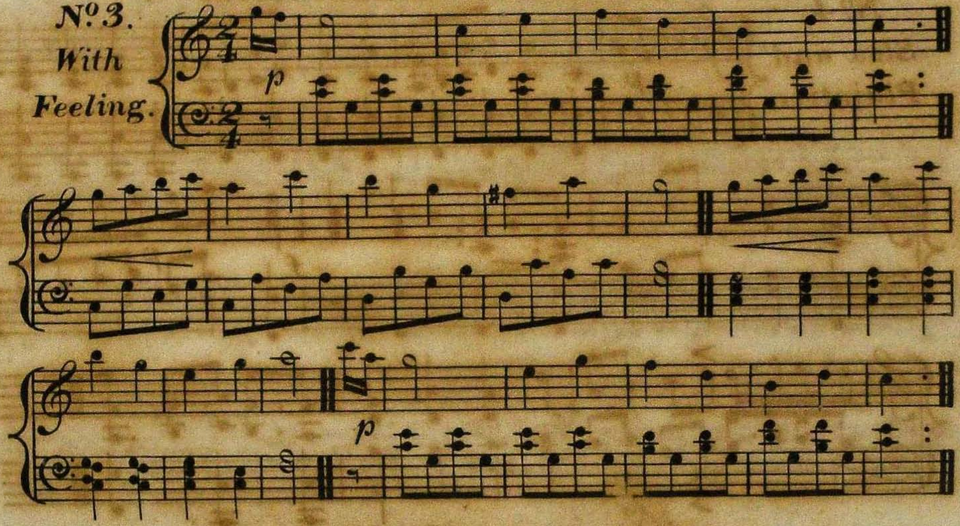


Lamentation for Myles O Riely The Slasher.

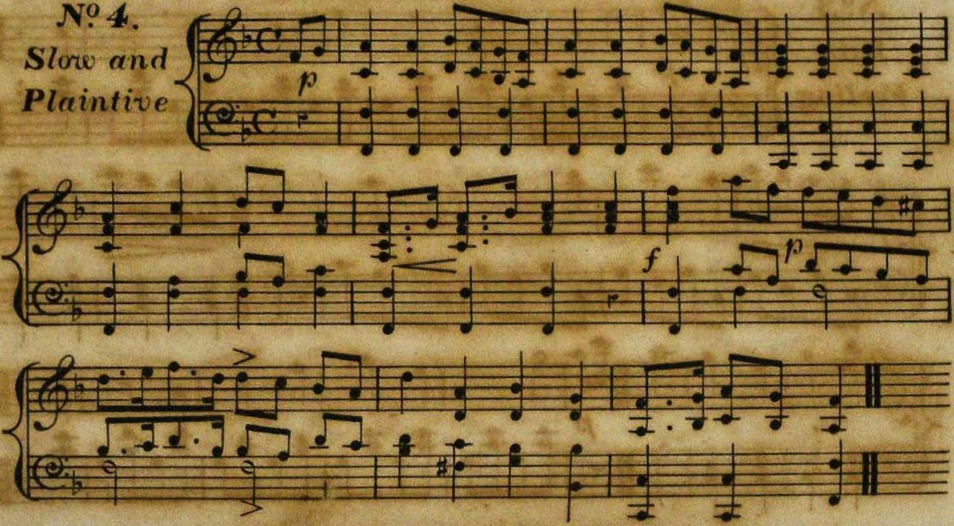
Nº 3. *With Feeling.*



The Widow's Lamentation.

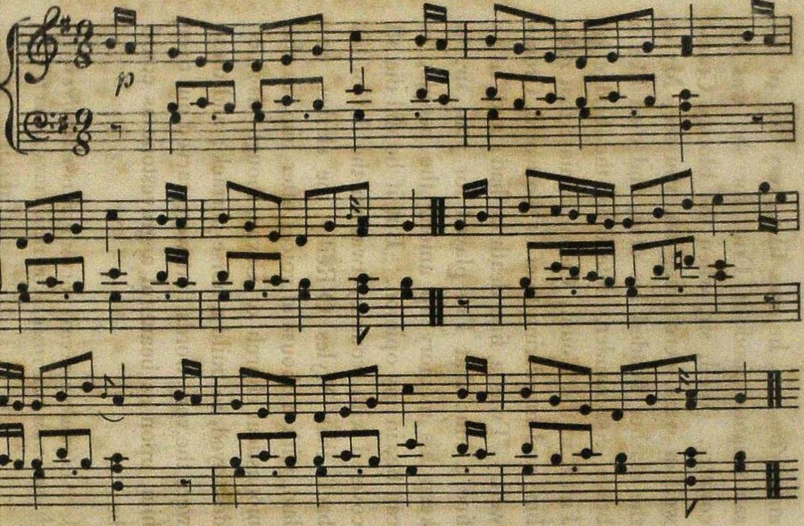
No. 4.

Slow and Plaintive



No. 5.

Slow and with Feeling.



and if he was, he was like every one of the same name, fond of Erin, for she was his country. Well, sir, when the bloody Cromwellian wars were going on, you see, Myles the slasher headed his clan, and died like a brave commander, defending the bridge of Finea, in the County Cavan, against that robbing and murdering thief of the world, Cromwell. 'Twas a fine death he had; and 'tis as fine a tune that I've played for you, sir, to keep his memory up among the people, as can be, in my opinion. But if he did die all covered with wounds, 'twas on the flat of his back that Myles O'Reilly the slasher was laid, with a thousand voices after him, in the monastical church of Cavan, though 'tis since destroyed, to build a horse-barrack; and these were the very words that were carved out over him, upon as beautiful a gravestone as could be:

"LECTOR NE CREDAS SOLUM PERIISSE MILONEM
HOC NAM SUB TUMULO, PATRIA VICTA JACET*."

---

* The pistols of Myles O'Reilly, of large size and ancient Spanish manufacture, are in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, presented by Mrs. Peyton (now

"This lamentation pleases me so much," said Mr. Jenkins, "that I hope Gandsey can favour us with another."

"Oh, that I can, sir, lamentations in plenty—for sure 'tis little else is left, for green Erin or her children, but sorrow and—"

"Whiskey," said Mr. Lynch.

"True," said I, "as Blackwood calls us in his magazine, 'a persecuted and hard drinking people.'"

"But the lamentation," said Mr. Jenkins.

"'Tis the widow's lamentation," said Gandsey; "you see her husband, one William

Mrs. Macnamara), the sister of the late George Nugent Reynolds, Esq. of the County Leitrim; and the powder horn of "Myles the slasher," a huge ox horn polished, and with rude brass ornaments, is still in the possession of that lady. In the genealogical history of the house of O'Reilly, compiled by the late chevalier O'Gorman (whose MSS. are at present in my custody), for General Count Alexander O'Reilly, commander in chief of the Spanish infantry under Charles III., and second in command at the siege of Gibraltar, there is a full and interesting account of Myles O'Reilly. Since I have been led to mention this genealogical history, I may as well notice a curious fact connected with it, that O'Gorman, whose papers prove him to be an ignorant heraldic quack, actually received one thousand guineas from Count O'Reilly for this compilation.

Crottie, was hanged through the means of one Davy Norris, a thief of an informer, who came round him, and betrayed him. And so Mrs. Crottie, whose own name was Burke, a mighty decent woman she was, and come of decent people, made up this lamentation about her husband."

Here Gandsey played the melody, No. 4, to which he sang the following words:

Oh, William Crottie, your days are ended,
And your poor wife lies unbefriended,
In a cold jail, where none can come near her;
Her dearest friends this day won't hear her!
Oh, ullagone!

But soon I'll leave this Irish nation,
And sail away to the great plantation;
For let me go among Turks or Heathens,
I'll meet with more pity than in my own nation.
Oh, ullagone!

Oh, William Crottie, I often told you
That Davy Norris would come round you;
'Twas he that took you, as you lay sleeping,
And left me here in sorrow weeping!
Oh, ullagone!

Then came the day of sad repentance,
When William Crottie received his sentence;
The drums they did beat, and most mournfully sounded,
And my poor senses were at once confounded.
Oh, ullagone!

I bear great blame from all these women,
Yet I'll never forsake my dear companion;
When first I knew him he was no Tory,
But now he's gone there's an end to my glory!
Oh, ullagone!

Adieu, ye hills, and adieu, ye mountains,
Adieu to Glanworth's crystal fountains,
Where often I waited for Crottie, my darling,
To bring me home both gold and *starling!*
Oh, ullagone!

"And now, Gandsey," said I, "mix yourself another tumbler of punch, and then let these gentlemen hear an Irish melody with something more of sentiment in it, than the singular strains you have already played. Suppose some ditty which an unfortunate lover might sing to the mistress by whom he was neglected and abandoned. You have an air of this description I doubt not, Gandsey; for such heart-breaking affairs must have happened in Ireland as well as elsewhere."

"Oh, plenty of them, sir," said Gandsey; and he immediately commenced the melody, No. 5.

"Yes, that is Irish—true Irish," said Mr. Jenkins; "how exquisitely the violin accompaniment harmonizes with the pipes. Pray, whose arrangement is that?"

"'Twas I, sir," replied Gandsey, "just fixed it out for boy to learn."

"Have you any words to this melody?" inquired Mr. Lynch.

"None, sir," said Gandsey, "though they're much wanting to it; but I have some words of own making too, which I'll sing, with the greatest pleasure in life, to the air of 'Bob and Joan.' Come, boy, scrape away."

To Killarney we will go,
And see fair nature's beauties,
The mountains tipp'd with snow,
And covered with arbutus.
Oh, then, to hear at night,
At Gorham's, how entrancing,
Old Gandsey play his pipes,
Which set the maids a dancing!
Tow, row, row, row, row,
Tow, row, row, row, reddy,
Tow, row, row, row, row,
Can't you just walk steady?

Gandsey, to promote
Harmonious tunes so jolly,
Strikes up a favourite note
To banish melancholy.
He lilts it up in style,
Upon his pipes so merry,
The gravest faces smile
To hear his Paddy Carey.
Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

He plays Kitty from Athlone,
  And Maureen dee na Glenna,
And Noreen on the road,
  With the flashy rakes of Mallow;
Aughrim overthrown,
  The fall of Condon's castle,
Cornelius Lord Mayo,
  Who was the boy to wrestle.
        Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

He'll give Jackson's Morning brush
  And Billy Joy the joker,
With the famous Kouth Polthogue,
  Described by Crofton Croker;
The ball of Ballinafad,
  The song of Bannah Lannah,
Plounkum Moll in the Wadd,
  And Shaune O'Dwyr na Glenna.
        Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

On the lakes when we do go,
  We'll have a boat and whiskey,
With men and oars to row,
  Their hearts both light and frisky;
A dinner we'll provide,
  We shall have full and plenty,
Two hampers stuff'd and tied,
  And wine enough for twenty.
        Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

Through Turk Lake we will pass
  Straight up to Dinis Island,
There we'll dine upon the grass,
  And drink like Captain Ryland.

"Home sweet home" I'll play,
  Then our boat will sail across sir,
And take the shortest way
  To bring us back to Ross, sir.
        Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

Now our excursion o'er,
  At Gorham's what a pleasure,
To fill the glass once more,
  And drink beyond all measure.
'Tis that's the way to see
  The lakes of neat Killarney,
So don't be doubting me,
  For I never was at Blarney.
        Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

"Well sung, Gandsey. Here, mix yourself another fumbler of tunch—tumbler of punch I mean," said Mr. Jones; "Irish whiskey is good—Irish songs are good—Irish music is good—Irishmen are fine fellows—'tis a fine a country"—*hiccup*—"a fine country."

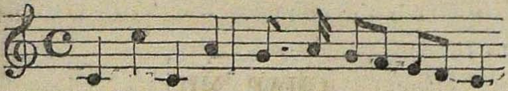
"'Tis true for you, sir," said Gandsey, "very true for you." And here, although I am perfectly unable to account for the fact, my recollection of what followed completely fails me.

CHAP. XII.

THE DEPARTURE.

A WEATHERCOCK is the usual appendage to most church-steeples in Ireland, but this, the steeple of the church at Killarney does not possess. Yet, if it does not boast a weathercock glittering on its apex, a weatherfish may there be seen—a noble salmon, looking as if it had just made a spring out of the lake. And now the nose of the aforesaid salmon is pointing due east, as much as to say—"I promise you a fine day for your journey to Cork, and I wish you a very pleasant bit of a jolting."

Vastly polite, indeed for a salmon; but pray, Mister Fish, how do you know I am going to Cork? Well, it's not much matter; since you do know it, there is little use denying the fact, and I have therefore only to return you my very sincere thanks, and make you my very best bow for your promise of fine weather—and hark—*Bōō—bōō—bōō—mōō—hé*—here comes the coach from Tralee, and there is my friend Mat Crowley singing his everlasting



" Halloo—halloo—is my bill ready? Are my traps in the hall? Is my boat cloak there? —where is my sketching seat?"

" Go long *wid* you," said Doolan, who was standing in the hall; " go long *wid* you, will you, and be after bringing the gentleman's 'ketching *sate*."

" You shall have the bill directly, sare," said Gorham; " Dan, finish the honourable gentleman's account—sketch it out neatly, Dan, and bring it here—pshaw, Dan, what's keeping you?"

" The bill, sir."

" Very moderate, indeed—Hum— waiter—chambermaid—Hem— Boots—Hum—Here's your money, Gorham."

" I hope, sare—thank you, sare—that, sare, every thing was made comfortable—and a pleasant journey—much obliged, sare—*(aside)* why then, Dan, sure enough, as I said the very first day I saw him, he's a neat little fellow, and a rare sketcher."

"Here's the sketching seat," said a waiter to Doolan.

"There, put it down along with his honourable honour's other things—there—and sure," continued Doolan, "the best *resate* of all for not catching *could*, when quality goes out taking off the views here and there about the lakes, is for them never to sit down upon the wet grass."

"I wonder what detains Mr. Lynch," said I, "really it is very odd. Waiter, be so good as to send some one to Mr. Lynch's cottage to let him know that I am just going, and wish to see him."

"Yes, sir, but he will hardly be here in time as the horses are just putting to."

"What, the horses putting to? Secure the box seat for me, if you can."

Bōō—bōō—bōō—mōō—hé—"The coach is just going, sir."

"Your honour won't forget the waiter."

"Something for the chambermaid, sir."

"Long life to your honour! Sure you won't be after forgetting poor Boots, that does the work for them all."

"Please to *remimber* the packer."

"My good people, I have arranged all your demands with Mr. Gorham."

"Och, never mind him, sir,—'tis I that always packs the *jontleman's portmantles*—your honour may *ax* Mr. Powell there, and sure he'll tell you the same."

"Hurrah for Florry—here I am—your honour will throw a trifle to poor Florry, for the sake of Kerry—Hurrah!"

"Get out of the way, will you, till I see his honour. Sure he'll be after taking the widow's blessing along *wid* him."

"I'm just over it, sir, God help me, I'm subject to the falling sickness, and haven't a halfpenny to buy me bit or sup, or a mortal to look after me."

"'Tisn't going your lordship is away from us, without leaving something among us."

Bōō—bōō—bōō—mōō—hé, sounds the horn, the crowd shout, and the coach whirls off. The Main Street is left behind, and we rattle once more over the paving stones of Hen Street; bid farewell to the foul Fair hill, dash by the park, and pause for the last time on the bridge of Ballycasheen.

"Riley, stop the coach can't you;" roars a

bare-legged boy, at the same time running full speed from the Lower or Woodlawn road which joins the coach road near Ballycasheen—the driver pulls up, and inquires—" Well, what do you want, *ma boughill?*"

" Would there be a little *jontleman* on the coach ?" said he, panting for breath.

" Doubtless I am the person—what's the matter ?"

" Here's a parcel and a letter for your honour from one Mr. Lynch—oh dear, how I've run."

" Very well, it's quite right—here's sixpence for you, my lad—Riley put this parcel in the coach pocket—and now let me see what Lynch has to say for himself—his letter appears long enough at all events."

" MY GOOD FELLOW, Garden Cottage.

" I DOUBT not you were much surprised, and, perhaps, not a little displeased in consequence of my non-appearance at the inn this morning after the promise I had made ; but I trust surprise and displeasure will alike vanish, when you find that I have been devoting myself to your service.

"You have already flattered me by approving of some fairy tales which I picked up in the course of my summer rambles among the mountains; I mean Florry Cantillon's funeral, Diarmid Bawn, and one or two others which appear in the second volume of your Fairy Legends.

"Revelling in all the luxury, as the misery of half pay idleness is styled, the idea that I might please by my pen others as well as myself, broke in upon my mind like a new light, and I determined to make a few notes of the tales which I heard, and of what was daily passing around me. This, although my own amusement and employment were the first objects, was certainly done with some vague idea of ultimate publication. But when you mentioned an intention of writing a Legendary Guide Book to the Lakes, I instantly determined to resign all my notes and papers into your hands, and have been occupied in arranging my collections for your acceptance.

"Receive them, therefore, and use them as you will, but there is one subject on which I would warn you, and that is, if you take it into your head, as you hinted, to introduce the good

gentry, as well as 'the good people' of Killarney, or to print the little anecdotes respecting them picked up during your visit; you must bear the whole burden on your own shoulders, for I have neither cause nor inclination to fall out with any of the worthy inhabitants of the kingdom of Kerry, 'where the cows are little, and the hills are big.' In addition to these notes, many of which I fear you will scarcely be able to decipher, I send you some verses, and a poem of considerable length in the Spenserian stanza, called Sir Ronayne of the Lakes, which I also place entirely at your disposal.

"Again I say, make whatever use you please of my packet, and wishing you an agreeable journey, and all possible happiness,

I subscribe myself
most faithfully yours,

R. Adolphus Lynch.

"P. S. I enclose you a Killarney bank note, to prevent the possibility of any pecuniary embarrassment on the road."

PAT. FOLEY KILLARNEY.

No 229 III Three Pence

For this with a THREE-PENCE HALFPENNY Note of mine I will give You a BRITISH SIXPENCE. Dated March 17, 1797.

Patt Foley

But hark!—*Bōō—bōō—bōō—mōō—hé* and now we ascend the hill which leads to the first turnpike gate from Killarney, and as we dash through, I turn to take a last lingering look at the Lake of Desmond—a little further and all is lost, save the tops of its majestic mountains.

"Farewell sweet scenes! pensive once more I turn
  Those pointed hills and wood-fringed lakes to view
  With fond regret; while, in this last adieu,
A silent tear those brilliant hours shall mourn
For ever past. So from the pleasant shore,
  Borne with the struggling bark against the wind
  The trembling pennant fluttering looks behind
With vain reluctance! 'Mid those woods no more
For me the voice of pleasure shall resound,
  Nor soft flutes warbling o'er the placid lake
  Aërial music, shall for me awake,
And wrap my charmed soul in peace profound!
Though lost to me, here still may Taste delight
To dwell, nor the rude axe the trembling dryads fright."

Such was the farewell to Killarney, breathed almost with her last sigh by Mrs. Tighe, the beloved and lamented authoress of Psyche.

* * * * * *

"Make whatever use you please of my packet," says Mr. Lynch. Well, I have done

so; yet, excepting a few slight editorial corrections and additions, his packet is printed pretty nearly as I received it. As to quizzing, I am quite ready to bear the brunt, although I fear on that score I shall have my friend Lynch himself on my shoulders; and speaking on this point, it is only an act of candour towards that gentleman, to give him full power to claim (should he have any wish to do so) as his compositions, and his alone, all the unacknowledged rhymes which appear in these volumes, with the exception of the snatches of popular song occasionally introduced.

It has latterly been, and with some justice, the custom to deprecate the growing taste for what Mr. Hood calls "an improper use of proper names." For example, within the last thirty years Mr. ——— became Mr. A. Mr. A. took the astronomical appearance of Mr. A******g with an occasional variety as Mr. Ab*rw**g, till at length the mysterious cognomen of Aberwang stood fearlessly revealed to the public gaze. The latter undisguised method of writing names as they are intended to be read, instead of obscurely hinting at them, has always appeared to me the most

manlike, as well as the most agreeable, and I have therefore adopted it; although no one could deplore more than I should do, thus subjecting myself to the charge of personality.

These little volumes were intended only to amuse; and it would be indeed perverting the purpose for which they were written, if any misconstruction on the part of the reader could attribute other motives to the compiler. Those to whom I am known will readily, I feel convinced, forgive the introduction of their names, and acquit me of any thing like intentional offence. While those to whom I am a stranger will, I trust, regard these volumes with the indulgence which is due to a mere *jeu d'esprit*. And now, seriously speaking, it is full time that I should acknowledge the many obligations I am under. My visit to Killarney was too short, and too hurried, to admit of any thing beyond a few blotted notes and random sketches. I have, therefore, as is obvious from almost every page, mainly derived assistance from an old schoolfellow, Mr. Lynch, who has been for some years a resident there. Mr. J. H. Bradshaw, with his usual kindness, furnished me, from his valuable Irish library, with

the manuscript tour of a distinguished architect, which has afforded me some pictorial hints; and to Lucius O'Brien, Esq., M. P. I am indebted for a most amusing journal of his visit to the lakes. The materials thus obtained, I have appropriated without further acknowledgment, in the manner which best suited my purpose, or my fancy.

Since the first volume was in print, Mr. Lynch has written to acknowledge some proof sheets which I sent him; and an extract from his letter, as all good works should conclude with a moral, will aptly illustrate the mutability of human affairs at Killarney.

"I am glad to find that the Legendary Guide Book, or rather, as you style it, 'an apology for one,' is in the press. Do not forget to put a copy in your 'portmantle' if you should perform your promise of a visit next year. When you come, you will find a few alterations; for instance, your humble servant no longer inhabits Garden Cottage. Your friend Mountain Mahony has resigned his public employment, and has entered into the private service of Master Bob Shughure, who styles himself 'Sta-

tioner, Replevinger, and Magistrate's Clerk.' Oh, that you could hear him, on a court day, enlightening the magistrates with regard to an information, the preamble to which he twangs through his nose, with a most mellifluous brogue, as thus—' Sir, this ish an informashun for assault, and batter-ry, and mishdemānor, and showeth that whereas Michael, commonly called Mick Mulcahy, alias Saint Michael, alias Finnegan, alias the Bulgar, did mosht vilently asshault, bate, bruise, batter, and otherwise ill use, abuse, and maltrate with his clinched fisht, &c. &c.'

"In the few proof pages which you have sent me, I find rather an unjustifiable use of my name, but I forgive you on condition of your never again laughing at my verses. My namesake, Geoffry Lynch, I perceive you have mentioned. I think you might as well have left that anecdote out; for I assure you he is a worthy young fellow, of unexceptionable character, and his being blackbeaned at the club could only, as I am happy to see you state, be occasioned by party business. You have also alluded to Doctors Murphy and Mayberry, both very worthy men. Doctor Murphy, I am sorry to inform you, is since dead, to the

great loss not only of his own family, but of the whole county.

"Turner, the Scotch steward, has turned himself out of Mucruss, and Picket is gone to the Brazils—for the rest, some of our story tellers have departed this life. Poor old Molly amongst others is gone. She had a wake, at which no less than three girls, besides her daughter Norah, got husbands, and was buried at Aghadoe, followed by three baronies, where a neat tombstone has been put up to her memory. Doolan, however, still stands his ground, and always inquires after your honour, is just as ready to give visiters a touch of the marvellous; and there are still enough left to show the truth of the descriptions in your Legendary Guide.

"If you come again among us, let it be, I entreat, at the race time, as you will then be sure of a stag hunt. I believe the races are to commence about the latter end of next July. By the by, you say such pretty things touching my rough notes and the papers I put into your hands, that I really have an idea of appearing before the world in the character of an author next year; I do not mean as author of a quarto poem on Derrycunnihy Waterfall, according to

your suggestion, but—I'll leave you in suspense until either I beat up your quarters or you mine."

* * * * * *

"P. S. I enclose you the pamphlet which you requested me to procure*.

---

* Of this pamphlet I am induced to copy the title page and preface, as illustrative of some allusions to the case of Mary Minehan, which occur at p. 71, of this volume.

THE

Reformation and Persecution

OF A YOUNG WOMAN NAMED

MARY MOYNIHAN,

OF KILLARNEY,

Who renounced the Errors of the Roman Catholic Church, and became a Protestant in December, 1826.

TOGETHER WITH

THE STATEMENT GIVEN BY THE MAGISTRATES,

As the Result of their Inquiry into the Circumstances of the Persecution of this young Woman;

AND ALSO

THE DEPOSITIONS TAKEN BEFORE THE BENCH,

Which contain a faithful Epitome of the entire Transactions.

"MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALEBIT."

KILLARNEY—1st APRIL, 1826.

PREFACE.

The Publisher is induced, at the desire of many of his friends, to lay before the Public, in the shape of a pamphlet, the *entire* statements and letters to which the

We stop the press, as the newspaper phrase runs, to announce the receipt of the following letter—did ever letter come so opportunely?

"SIR,

"IT is with enthusiastic pleasure I received the letter directed to me from London; Mr.

---

reformation and persecution of MARY MOYNIHAN, of Killarney, gave rise, conscious that even a cursory perusal of them will be sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the truth of the following facts:

FIRST.—That Mary Moynihan's conversion was caused solely by a conviction of the errors of popery, produced by the reading of the sacred Scriptures.

SECONDLY.—That she was persecuted publicly and privately by her family, her priest, and by others, in consequence thereof; and that the house in which she resides was annoyed by the priest, who repeatedly threatened to drag her out by force.

THIRDLY.—That the statement put forward by the bench of magistrates, as the result of their inquiry, was not a faithful detail of the evidence of the eight witnesses who were examined.

AND LASTLY.—That the evidence fully rebuts the unkind aspersions which the magistrates thought fit to fling at the character of MR. MAGRATH.

The Publisher now respectfully brings the partial statement of that respectable bench (composed of *eleven* Roman Catholics and *one* Protestant!), together with all the other documents connected with it before the tribunal of "Public Opinion."

"SPECTEMUR AGENDO."

Gorham sent it to me to Lord Headley's, near Killarney, which when I received, I gave it to his lordship to open for his amusement. He was greatly surprised to find in it a piece of music of so ancient a date. He caused the boy to bring his violin and play it for him, which he much approved of. He is one of the best judges of the day; and, you may depend on it, sir, I would never have attained my meridian but for his superior dictation to me. When I told his lordship about you, he brought down the Fairy Legends to have it read for me. I am somewhat jealous you did not afford me some conspicuous place in that very amusing and romantic work, as you did to Tim Carroll; for to hear my

Fox and hounds, with Judy Joyce the joker,
And famous jig Palthough, described by Crofton Croker,

would have been a flattering and heartfelt honour, besides being the only man of my profession distinguished in this neighbourhood. I enclose you an old tune, which was O'Donoghue's lamentation for the loss of his privileges, when the penal code was put in force against the Irish. I have three or four hundred of those beautiful old melodies, never got hold

of by Moore, Stephenson, or Bunting, once played by the harp of Erin, now slumbering in the dust. Now as you are sometimes among the musical society of London, a thought struck me, sir, that you might make off with those by way of publication, or by depositing them in the museum, among the antiquities for future inspection, as they are all from Carolan, the ancient and celebrated Irish bard and musician. It is a pity they should be lost, if any thing could be done to preserve them. If you encourage me, I will contrive to have them sent to you by the assistance of the said nobleman, who is a friend to science. He is decidedly the best man for this part of the south of Ireland, that was ever remembered to come into it; as the book says of O'Sullivan—Nulla manus tam liberalis, atque generalis, atque universales, quam Headlialis.

"I should like to hear from you, sir, when time allows you to make arrangements. So no more at present from your

Very humble servant,

James Gandsey,

Lord Headley's Piper."

"P. S. Pat O'Kelly, the poet, sir, desires his respectful compliments."

"Ah, that P. S. on the envelope looks like the Gorham's writing—but who Pat O'Kelly is I know not—Billy the mule, Doolan's friend, I remember perfectly—but O'Kelly—Yes, I recollect now—it must be the same who greeted Sir Walter Scott on his arrival with the following:

> "Three poets, of three different nations born,
> With works immortal, do this age adorn;
> Byron, of England—Scott, of Scotia's blood—
> And, Erin's pride, O'Kelly, great and good.
> 'Twould take a Byron and a Scott, I tell ye,
> Roll'd up in one, to make a Pat O'Kelly."

Kind and indulgent reader, methinks I hear you exclaim, "What is all this chapter about? Here is a rigmarole of a preface, and in the last chapter of the last volume—how odd!"—And pray where else should it be? Most people, it must be acknowledged, commence their book with a preface, which nine readers out of ten, ay, ninety-nine out of a hundred, are sure to skip. I have, therefore, taken this method to surprise you into the perusal; besides, I think

I can show that my preface is where it ought to be; for if you act as most readers do, that is, begin the book at the end, and read backwards, I think you will find the preface in its right place.

So making now our final bow,
And checking all our blarney,
We'll bid adieu, good folks, to you,
And likewise to Killarney.
Then if your eye all wearied out
With reading trash of mine is,
Content yourself—no more's to come,
For here, you see, is

FINIS.

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ERRATUM.

VOL. II.

Page 157, line 22, for lights, read light.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Music Plates, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, to be placed between pages 216 and 217.

C. Whittingham, Chiswick.